

THE HOME: A FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

MAY, 1859.

THE LOVE THAT NE'ER GROWS OLD.

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

BY ALICE CARY.



"Good mother, what quaint legend are you
reading,
In that old-fashion'd book?
Beside your door I've been this half hour
pleading
All vainly for one look.

"About your chair the little birds fly bolder
Than in the woods they fly,
With heads dropt slantwise, as if o'er your
shoulder
They read as they went by;

"Each with his glossy collar ruffling double
Around his neck so slim,
Even as with that atmosphere of trouble,
Through which our blessings swim.

"Is it that years throw on us chillier shadows,
The longer time they run,
That, with your sad face fronting yonder
meadows,
You creep into the sun?

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"I'll sit upon the ground and hear your story."
Sadly she shook her head,
And pushing back the thin white vail of glory
'Twixt her and heaven, she said:

"Ah! wondering child, I knew not of your
pleading—
My thoughts were chain'd, indeed,
Upon my book, and yet what you call reading
I have no skill to read.

"There was a time once when I had a lover;
Why look you in such doubt?
True, I am old now—ninety years and over"—
A crumpled flower fell out

From 'twixt the book-leaves. "Seventy years
they've press'd it:
'Twas like a living flame,
When he that plucked it, by the plucking
bless'd it:"

I knew the smile that came,
And flicker'd on her lips in wannish splendor,
Was lighted at that flower,
For even yet its radiance, faint and tender
Reach'd to its primal hour.

"God bless you! seventy years since it was
gather'd?"

"Ay, I remember well:"
And in her old hand, palsy-struck, and with-
er'd,
She held it up to smell.

"And is it true, as poets say, good mother,
That love can never die?
And that for all it gives unto another
It grows the richer?" "Ay,

"The homely brier from spring till summer
closes,
All the great world around,
Hangs by its thorny arms to keep its roses
From off the low, black ground;

"And love is like it—sufferings but try it,
Death but evokes the might
That, all too mighty to be thwarted by it,
Breaks through into the light."

"Then frosty age may wrap about its bosom
The light of fires long dead?"
Kissing the piece of dust she called a blossom,
She shut the book, and said:

"You see yon ash-tree with its thick leaves,
blowing
The blue side out? (Great Power,
Keep its head green!) My sweetheart, in the
mowing,
Beneath it found my flower.

"A mile off all that day the shots were flying,
And mothers, from the door,
Look'd for the sons, who, on their faces lying,
Would come home never more.

"Across the battle field the dogs were whining;
I saw, from where I stood,
Horses with quivering flanks, and strain'd
eyes, shining
Like thin skins full of blood.

"Brave fellows we had then: there was my
neighbor—
The British lines he saw;
Took his old scythe and ground it to a saber,
And mow'd them down like straw!

"And there were women, then, of giant spirit;
Nay, though the blushes start,
The garments their degenerate race inherit,
Hang loose about the heart.

"Where was I, child? how is my story go-
ing?"

"Why, where by yonder tree
With leaves so rough, your sweetheart, in
the mowing,
Gather'd your flower!" "Ah me!

"My poor lad dream'd not of the red-coat
devil

That just for pastime drew
To his bright epaulet, his musket level,
And shot him half in two;

"Beside him I was kneeling the next minute;
From the red grass he took
The shatter'd hand up, and the flower was in it
You saw within my book.

"He died." "Then you have seen some
stormy weather?"

"Ay, more of foul than fair;
And all the snows we should have shared
together,
Have fallen on my hair."

"And has your life been worth the living,
mother,
With all its sorrows?" "Ay,
I'd live it o'er again, were there no other,
For this one memory."

I answer'd soft—I felt the place was holy—
One maxim stands approved:

"They know the best of life, however lowly,
Who ever have been loved."





PENELOPE WINSLOW.

ONE of the most mortifying reflections, in connection with New England history, is the fact, that so little is known of the lives and characters of the *mothers* and *wives* of those eminent men who founded our institutions, and framed and administered our early laws. Unhappy mistake, which supposes that the history of a nation is complete when its public acts are recorded, and the biographies of its eminent men are written. The influence of woman on the character and growth of a nation is universally confessed. How would the present

race, sons of the Pilgrims, love to be able to look into the record of those HOMES where such Anaks were born, and study the quiet virtues of the brave dames which bore, and the gentle sisters who held their magic thrall over, those sturdy sons and brothers!

The men that knelt on the deck of that emigrant ship at Delft Haven, when the godly and gifted Robinson "lifted up his voice and wept" his prayer for a prosperous voyage to the bleak shores of New England, held no more in their strong hearts the destinies of the New World, than those

gentler ones who bowed in holy trust and wondrous fortitude by their side. And yet the record of their bosoms and their lives is lost, and scarce a trace can now be discovered. And of them all not a portrait is to be found, whereby we might refresh our imaginings of their persons or their virtues.

The portrait of the wife of Governor Josiah Winslow (and of which we have been kindly permitted to take the above copy) is the only one that can be found, as far as we can learn, of any woman prior to 1650-60. It represents the subject of this sketch as young and comely, and "dressed with grace and great becomingness."

MRS. PENELOPE WINSLOW was the daughter of Herbert Pelham, Esq., an English gentleman of considerable distinction. He was among the first to feel and express an interest in the affairs of the new and struggling colony at Plymouth, and contributed liberally toward its support. He never made New England his home, barely visiting it in 1637. His daughter, it appears, enthralled by the handsome and fascinating son of the elder Winslow, did not scruple to forego the refinements of her English home for the more republican one of the gallant captain, to whom she gave her hand. The date of the marriage we have been unable to ascertain, but it is supposed to be 1657.

The early life of New England presented many interesting features—not the least of which was the manner in which persons reared in affluence accommodated themselves to their new circumstances. Thus we find tender women becoming as brave as patriots, ready to run all the hazards of settlement, bearing their part in subduing the soil, in defending their homes, moving cheerfully on to frontier dangers, and bearing strong children to brave men with a pride and devotion almost without parallel. Of this representative class was the beautiful wife of Captain Winslow. Though "a lady" and "to the manor born," as

we have said, she preferred the simplicity and hardship of New England to the ease and elegance of Old England, and came hither with the Puritans with as cheerful a heart as ever woman bore.

No cotemporary gossip looked into the hearts and homes of those days to tell us the fireside history of the first settlers. We only catch glimpses of the hearthstone as we march through the pages of the colonial records. Hawthorne has done something to throw light upon certain phases of the Puritan character. Mr. Palfrey, in his new history, has sought to give us a glimpse of colonial homestead-life; but the record, after all, is, as we have said, meager, and perhaps never will be more complete. This may well claim the national regret.

Mrs. Winslow is represented by cotemporary writers as having been a woman of exceeding beauty, and extremely fascinating manners. She was very accomplished for the age in which she lived, and presided at her husband's board with great dignity and urbanity. When we take into consideration that her husband acquired the distinction of being the handsomest and most polite man of New England, we can readily conceive how *recherche* must have been those weekly *reunions* in the drawing-rooms at Careswell, where the beauty, and wit, and talent of the colony were assembled, and where taste and money were lavished to make them brilliant and delightful.

Mrs. Winslow bore her husband four children—two sons and two daughters—and survived him twenty-three years. She died at "Careswell," Marshfield, December 7, 1703, in the seventy-fourth year of her age.

The descendants of this estimable lady are numerous and influential. The family is regarded as one of the "best blooded" of New England, ranking with the Bradishes, Livingstones, Bradstreets, etc., etc. "The mother of the race of Winslows" should be an honored name.

AUNT RUTH.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

SHE was an "old maid," this Aunt Ruth Emerson of mine, but you would never have found it out by seeing in her the usual signs and tokens of a single and *singular* state of life and heart, for her nose had not been pinched into sharpness by turning the angle of the "last corner," and her voice had caught neither shrill treble nor whining quaver from the winds of discontent which are sometimes (and for some individuals) found to blow from its "shady side."

Her life had not known the setting of "perfect music unto noble words," and the deepest chords of true womanly nature had found no "wee, frail hands" to draw from them strong and earnest melody; but she was not "*drifting* on life's sea"—not set apart from *all* love, because the *one* had never reached or had failed her; and, however wildly the waves might have broken around her in days known only to memory, the strong, self-reliant spirit which we knew to be at the helm, gave little sign that even in *that* time—if such there had ever been—her life-bark had failed or faltered; had struck on bars of fruitless misery, or been overwhelmed by billows of despair.

How well I remember the long days of summer, and dreamy ones of autumn, which dropped their sunshine into my life when I was with her two years ago!

I was a motherless child; and, after an illness which had well-nigh taken me into the "dark shadows"—brought on, I have no doubt, by the inefficient care, and wild, unchecked imaginings of my girlhood—my father took me away from the home which I ever afterward named my "city prison," and sent me, as he said, to "rusticate" with Aunt Ruth, hoping thereby to bring my wan cheeks into something like repentance for their paleness.

It was a May morning on which

my eyes first opened to a realizing sense of my bodily presence at Glen Cottage, for it had been late at night when I arrived there, and I had but a confused and uncertain memory of the kind face that had bent over me during the few moments of my forced wakefulness. Those who have never known, can draw no imaginary picture of the delight of one "city born and bred" at forming a first acquaintance with nature in the country; and to me the opening spring at that farmhouse in the Glen seemed almost a taste of life in Paradise.

"What can it be that makes me so happy?" I said to Aunt Ruth, when, in the summer evenings, we sat by the low porch-window of her sitting-room. Drawing the hair back from my forehead, she would answer: "Only your untroubled heart, my child, and the 'God's blessing' that is coming to you through nature."

I used to drop my head on her lap and watch her in those evenings, and it seemed to me sometimes as though thought went out through her clear eyes into the sunsets at which she looked so steadily; but in my restless questioning and childish enthusiasm, I seldom allowed her opportunity for what seemed to me strange fits of mental abstraction.

I suppose that she was not handsome, in the common acceptation of the term; but she was beautiful to me, and I would wonder, looking at the face which had gained some wrinkles, yet lost little of its youthful contour, why she had never married. That was the final destiny of all *novel*-heroines whose trials and tribulations I had read; and that she, however much of darkness she might have known, should not at last find light, seemed to me inexplicable.

I had been reading to her one night from the pages of a romance in which I was more than usually interested; and when, at last, I left the heroine and her true love

"Walking hand in hand
Through the happy marriage-land,"—

a consummation quite suiting my ideas of a good "finale,"—I looked up at her with the question, "Why were you never married, Aunt Ruth?"

Her face flushed a little, but she shook her head at me in a reproving way, and said, half laughingly, "You are too young, Edith, too young and full of romance to hear the story which would answer your question. Sometime, when you are older and beginning to learn life's sterner experiences, I will tell you *why* and *wherefore*."

Of course, it was hard for me to wait. I was "sure from her manner, that there was something interesting in her life-story, but"—and I looked up at her calm, firm face—"I know it's of no use to ask her again."

So I waited—waited till I was, in truth, beginning to learn life's stern experiences, had "fought with pride and yielded to circumstance," and was, what I am now, a toiler for slender harvests. But one morning, in last summer's June, I had a letter from Aunt Ruth—such a letter as is written in the heart's experience but few times in a life, for it was not only help, but strength. It was her life-story; and through my mediumship, you shall read it:

"GLEN COTTAGE, *June 1st*.:—Looking out over the hills that, for the past week, have been drenched with rain and shrouded in mist, yet are crowned, this summer morning, with a wondrous glory of sunshine, I have let my heart go out with the searching of my eyes, to that 'far country,' that 'land of rocks and hills' wherein abides one, both loving and beloved,—my niece, Edith Wylie.

"It is a calm, fair morning, and with something of remorse in my heart for the long watching your eyes must have had for an answer to your letter, I have taken the pen, which in these days it is growing to be a task for me to guide; and, at last, looking at the years that lie between the days of your girlish romance and those in which you are learning life's realities,

I am going to tell you my life-story, answering therein your question, 'Why I was never married?'

"My youthful memories of Glen Cottage are, I doubt not, much like yours. I have always lived here; the summer roses have always blossomed and faded under my eyes and in my care. There has been but one season in my life when I went from the country quiet into the world's unrest; that was thirty-five years ago, and the first and only winter which I ever spent 'in town.'

"Thirty-five years ago! I was just twenty then. How well I remember the time, how clearly I can see the faces that were around me on that morning—faces that the dust has covered these many years, yet in my heart are under no grave-sods; hidden from my sight by no time, or absence, or forgetfulness.

"You have read too many romances, dear Edith, unraveled too many plots, and seen, in fiction, too many 'ends from the beginning,' to make it necessary for me to tell you, that from this first season in the city dates whatever romance there may be in my life.

"There had been no 'words of promise' asked or given when I came back to Glen Cottage; but I knew what Charles Alvord was to me—what I was to him. It is an old saying, that 'school girls have one friend of their own sex sworn to be 'true until death';' and I had found this mate of my school-days—one who stood by me as well in those of womanhood. She was fair and, in some degree, proud; but there was a world of warm affection under Eveline Osborne's reserve. She was one of the few who are, when best known, best loved. She had learned her heart-lesson earlier than I, and when I left her, her last injunction had been 'Remember!'—a word to which I gave a laughing answer, but sinking back in the dark stage-coach, feeling myself going for the first time out of home's haven, it helped me in no-

wise to restrain the heart-sinking at thought of my coming loneliness:—a thought which, however selfish, was no less human, for we *feel* for ourselves and *imagine* for others in the matter of happiness or misery.

"I was to 'remember that in the coming June my services would be required;' and when, in the last of May, I came back through fields that had known 'blessings renewed' since the November day on which I left them, I had come to feel, through some strange mystery, that Eveline's bridal would not seem so sad to me, as, a half year before, I had imagined.

"'Poor and pale!' was my reproachful ejaculation, as after our first greeting I held her hands, and stood looking at her; 'has the "course of true love" been running roughly for you, or have you sewed your life out on patch-work and linen?'

"Her cheeks flushed a little, and her eyes fell, but she rallied in a moment, and with a merry laugh, said, 'The latter, if any thing, Ruthie, and I'm going to have you help me now, so that my color and flesh will come back before that day.'

"So we went up-stairs, and through the forenoon there were busy voices, earnest consultations, and short, girl-ish explosions of laughter over the household and bridal 'trousseau' that her fair fingers had fashioned.

"We were marking linen; and when, for a moment, she was in another part of the room, I wrote the name that *was-to-be* on a gossamer handkerchief, holding it up before her eyes as she re-crossed the room.

"'Eveline Marshall,' she read, slowly, and a look that I thought more of pain than pleasure swept over her face; 'I don't know who *does* know, Ruthie, that it will ever be my name.' I am sorry you wrote it.'

"'Pshaw!' said I, lightly; 'I presume you've written it yourself, *sub rosa*, many a time; and, as to its ever being your especial cognomen, if you are not Mrs. Eveline Marshall in

a week from to-night, I'll replace the name by a homily on the interference of fate.'

"She smiled at my earnestness, but the sad look had hardly gone out of her eyes, when one of her brothers came to the door with a letter. She took it, and I judged by her manner, that my attention might be directed elsewhere.

"For some five minutes, I bent over the trunk I was packing, then with a half-uttered question on my lips, turned to Eveline. She had stood by the window when I looked at her last, and she stood now with one hand clenched in the heavy curtain; the other, holding the letter, dropped slowly till the paper fell from her fingers to the floor; then her eyelids drooped, and a moan of such crushing pain came through her lips that, with an involuntary cry, I sprang toward her.

"'Eveline! what is it?' I said, hurriedly. 'Are you ill?'

"She looked up at me, half-wildly, then with her lips curving rigidly over the words, said hoarsely, 'No, I am well.'

"She took up the letter as she spoke, walked across the floor, and dropped it on the mass of glowing coals in the grate. It was a heap of ashes in a moment—ashes that were not whiter than her lips. At that moment the dinner-bell rang, and with a careless remark about the disordered state of the chamber, she led the way to the dining-room. I could hardly keep my eyes from her face for a moment, she looked so deathly white; but the room was dimly-lighted, and no one else seemed to notice her appearance.

"We went back to her room after the meal was over, and I sat down by the fire with my work. In a few moments Eveline called me to the sofa, and opening a desk that she had drawn before her, took out a package of letters.

"'You have never seen them before,' she said, as I watched her

unfasten the ribbon that bound them. 'You never would have seen them if I had n't taken it into my head to give you a lesson—one that it would kill you to learn by your own experience.'

"There was nothing unusual in her manner, not a nerve quivered, or a breath faltered, as, one after another, she opened and read them to me; but I never saw a whiter face laid under grave-sods. They were from George Marshall, the man who in another week was to have been her husband, and filled with most lover-like expressions of affection; but her voice took a cold, steel-like tone as she read,—a tone that had in it the most bitter scorn.

"She drew a deep breath as she laid the last one down, and pointed to the grate. 'No one in the world but you, Ruth Emerson, will know what the words that I burned there, were. *They* were the only ones of truth that he has ever given me; *these* are the blackest lies that a man ever wrote. He is false to the heart's core, Ruth; he has insulted, maddened me; he has murdered every hope that my heart held; and the only prayer that I can ever pray on earth is that God will plunge him to the utmost depth of misery. Don't speak to me!' she continued, wildly, as, shocked beyond all fear at her words, I tried to calm her. 'You don't know—I hope in mercy you never will know—how I loved that man; and I hate him now a thousand times more than I ever loved him!'

"I was frightened almost beyond self-control, but as with the last words she dropped her head on my shoulder, I said softly, 'There is one who will never be false to you, Eveline: you will not forget that Ruth loves you.'

"She drew my face down to hers, and looked for a moment steadily in my eyes; then the rigid lines around her mouth began to soften, and in an instant the tears came. All that long night—a night of such pain as I had never known before—I sat by her as she lay with her face buried in the sofa-cush-

ions, sometimes still as death, sometimes shaken by heavy sobs, and I may be forgiven if, asking what God's judgment of the man who had prejured himself so sinfully would be, I almost prayed as had Eveline.

"For the weeks that followed, I was with her nearly all the time, night and day. Her pride had borne her up through the trial of an announcement to her friends of the breaking of her engagement, and she was outwardly calm and cheerful; but I was not deceived. She was losing her faith in the struggle, and her strength, both mental and physical, went with it; so it was with less surprise than pain that I found her one morning very ill with fever. She knew me at first, but in a few hours was raving in delirium.

"I can not linger over the details of her illness. I had felt, from the first, that it would terminate fatally; and when the physician gave his final decision, I sat down by her, for what I felt would be my last night of watching, with a feeling at my heart that was almost gladness, for she had suffered terribly. She appeared to be in a deep sleep until near midnight, when I was roused from the half-dreaming state into which I had fallen by her speaking my name. I bent over her, but the transient gleam of reason had flown, and her eyes wandered wildly over my face. She sank into a stupor again, which must have lasted for an hour; then, suddenly, as her father and mother, the physician and myself, stood around the couch, her eyes flew open, and with almost supernatural strength, she sprang up from the pillows. I caught her as she reeled nearly over the bedside with the exertion, and calling her mother, stepped across the room for a composing draught. Her eyes were fixed on me as I came back; bright and burning with insanity, and pushing her mother away, she leaned toward me. 'Ruth Emerson,' she said, in a voice that chilled my very heart, with the breath

coming through her lips in a death-gasp at every word, 'I warn you, if you would keep peace in your life or hope in your heart, never, never to trust your happiness on the shattered plank that I have tried; it will fail you in the hour of your deepest need,—fail you utterly—terribly!' She sank back with a long, shuddering gasp for breath: in another moment we were alone with the dead.

"It would have been a terrible death-scene to the strongest heart, and I can not tell you how utterly I was prostrated by sorrow and the shock of Eveline's last words. Even now I can not look back to that night without strong emotion; and the pain that I felt then, the shock that my system received, has affected my whole life. There were days and weeks of ceaseless misery for me after it—days in which not only my yearning for the dead must be stilled, but my love for the living conquered; for, however I may view it now, when years have passed, it was not strange that then, with my peculiar temperament, I thought the dying words of Eveline a prophecy of what my fate would be, should I trust my happiness in the keeping of another.

"It is enough if I tell you, Edith, that when Charles Alvord came to me, the white face of Eveline Osborne rose between us—that a brain pained almost to insanity heard her last words in the echo of his, and in the struggle of love for him and fear that in some day the affection he professed would fail, *fear* conquered, and he went from me forever.

"He is dead now. Ten years ago they told me that he died with my name on his lips, and since then my life has known peace, for there will be no wearing pains, no chilling fears in the land of our meeting.

"This is *my* romance, dear child. Now you must read my lesson, a lesson that I have learned in the loneliness of my life—one that I would all hearts in which fear battles with love might read: deceived as we may

be by outward seeming, wrecked as our barks of faith may be through mirages that rise before us in the fair show of reality, we have still no right to distrust all because a part prove faithless. 'If I could only know,' we say many times of those who proffer friendship; and, drawing the shrouds of distrust closer around our hearts, we grow most miserable through fearing, where we yearn to 'cast out all fear,' and yet, at the last, after all the pain of doubting, we are no nearer the solving of the mystery, no nearer a knowledge whether we may dare to trust.

"It is one of life's self-evidences, Edith, that, in all things, whether of small or great moment, we have no foreknowledge as to what the result of our action in regard to them may be; however wildly we may yearn, however earnestly we may plead, the Future gives no answer to the questionings of the Present, and we can only learn in living. Seeing this, knowing that our lives are in God's keeping, can we do otherwise than believe that when we do what seems to us right, governed in so doing by the convictions of heart and mind, and the laws of reason and justice, it is all that we can do? The rest is in God's hands, and all that we need is faith; faith, that, let the end be what it may, it works out, in some way, fully and perfectly, the aim which marked it from the beginning.

"My days are drawing near to three score and ten, dear Edith, and it may be that I shall never write to you again: so from the pleasant places that you know so well; from the quiet home-life that you loved; from the path that is leading me to the street of 'a city built alone by God,' I bid you good-by."

THERE are, around us, thousands of homes, all the chambers of which are made cheerless for lack of the "small sweet courtesies" of life, so cheaply given, and so magical in their effect.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

It was raining—gayly raining—
 The drops splash'd merry and wild;
 The summer dust was staining
 The green leaves of the bowers,
 And the red cheeks of the flowers
 Were pitifully defiled,
 Before it commenced this raining,
 Quick, and thick, and merry,
 On apple-tree, peach, and cherry.

A little child
 Stood in the farm-house door,
 Laughing the more and more;
 The great drops twinkled down
 Over the distant town—
 Over the meadow—over the wood—
 Into the very door where she stood.

The mother was in the dairy,
 Busy with dasher and churn;
 Toiling, with air more sad than merry,
 Wishing the cream would turn—
 Wishing the butter would come,
 Making her fond heart deaf and dumb
 To the laughter and noise of her household
 fairy,

Till that only sweet hour of all the day,
 When she could put apron and work away,
 And, sinking down in her rocking-chair,
 Take into her lap her little Mary,
 Kissing her face and smoothing her hair.

Splashing, splashing,
 Into the emerald grass came therain,
 Like threads of silver flashing,
 And blending into a flossy skein
 Now and then, as with a sigh,
 The gusty wind went waving by.
 Too small to be dutiful,
 Thinking the shower so beautiful,
 And with no one to withhold her,
 Over the threshold stepp'd the child,
 Upturn'd her happy face and smiled,
 As the drops against her eyes came dashing.

Then, growing bolder,
 Her bare, round, rosy feet
 Slipp'd into the grass so cool and sweet:
 Glancing back over her shoulder
 Lest mother should catch and hold her,
 She ran through the garden, into the lane,
 Under the summer rain;
 The pinks she trampled under her feet
 Were not more sweet
 Than the mischievous darling astray
 In the rain that day.

The clouds that were washing the roses,
 And renewing the lilies in white—
 Saw her cheeks were more red than the roses,
 And her shoulders more white,
 Than the silvery streaks of light
 That edged the curves and the closes
 Of the lilies in rain-pearls bedight.

"The flowers are out in the rain,
 Lo! why not I?" she speaks:

She wonders if they are in pain,
 With the tears upon their cheeks—
 She wonders why they are crying,
 And why the birds are not flying,
 But sit, all crouch'd in a little round ball,
 Each under the leaf of an orchard tree—
 "I'm not afraid of the shower at all,
 If the little birdies be."

Out of the lane and along the road,
 The little wild creature strays;
 She laughs at the awkward, speckled toad,
 With his curious hopping ways.
 The hair which floated, as lightly spread
 As the oriole's yellow wings,
 Curls closer and closer about her head,
 In a thousand golden rings.
 Her dimpled shoulders are wet—
 Her bosom, and face, and arms—
 She looks at her frock with half regret,
 But the rain has too many charms—
 She is not going home yet!

There's a tiny brook in the hollow,
 It crosses the road below,
 Which the little child doth follow,
 Resolved to know
 If the fishes are under the bridge
 As the birds are under the leaves of the
 trees.

She reaches the hill-top ridge,
 And laughs at what she sees.
 The brook is a noisy stream,
 It whirls, and roars, and rushes—
 Above the tops of the hazel-bushes;
 It froths, and glistens, and gleams,
 It covers the bridge's topmost beams.
 Running down with a child's delight,
 She gather'd lilies upon the shore,
 And flung them into the rising stream,
 Watching till they were out of sight,
 Standing there on the slippery clay,
 Watching the lilies float away,
 To come back nevermore.

When the rain and her work were done,
 The mother went to the slippery shore,
 But the fairest lily under the sun,
 Had drifted away, like those before,
 And came back nevermore.

M. V. V.

PLAIN TRUTH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,
 And weep this trust, and that deceiving,
 Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
 Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh! in this mocking world—too fast
 The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
 Better be cheated to the last
 Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

AGITATOR.

PHILOSOPHY OF BREAD.

IF a portion of flour be formed into a stiff paste, and thoroughly washed, a large part of the dough will be carried off in the water, which will assume a milky appearance. A tenacious solid will be left behind. This is the gluten. The milky liquor, if allowed to stand, will deposit a sediment. This is the starch. The liquid which remains, after the starch has settled to the bottom, is colorless, but holds in solution dextrine, grape sugar, and albumen. This liquid is called the extractive. These are the chief ingredients in flour. The gluten and albumen are what are termed nitrogenized substances, and chemically have a close resemblance to flesh. The human body is composed of various structures and fluids, into the composition of which the element nitrogen enters more or less extensively. Consequently food containing this substance is requisite for our nutrition. It is largely furnished by the lean of meat, eggs, milk, &c. In the process of respiration, however, by which the animal heat is sustained, we are constantly giving off carbon, in the form of carbonic acid gas. Material to supply this "fuel" is afforded in numerous articles of food, such as starch, sugar, butter, and fatty substances generally. Bread combines the nitrogen which forms the flesh, and the starch which furnishes the heat. When the heat-forming food is taken in more abundantly than it is consumed, fat is deposited in the tissues. From such considerations it is inferred that nitrogenous articles of diet are the most nourishing, and, while the necessity of carbonaceous food is admitted, it is imagined that it is liable to be used in excessive proportions, inasmuch as the nitrogenous materials themselves contain a large amount of carbon. That the eatables which possess an abundance of nitrogenous substance, especially meat and eggs, produce the greatest vigor, seems proved by general experience. Those of our labor-

ing classes who go through the most muscular exertion consume far larger quantities of meat than the generality of persons, and it is a *necessity* with them. The meat-fed savage races of North and South America, and still more the white men who adopt their habits with the advantage of a better-developed frame, form a striking contrast as regards bodily strength and activity with the rice-fed Hindoos. Vegetable substances which contain a more than usual proportion of nitrogen, approach in their nutritive qualities to animal food. The nitrogen of wheat is chiefly comprised in the outer coats, which form the bran or coarser parts of the flour. Very naturally, therefore, it has been asserted of late years that the habits of this country are highly wasteful, and contrary alike to scientific principles and the dictates of economy, when we persist in eating white bread, and refusing the brown descriptions of wheat-meal. This both causes a higher price to be paid for the bread, since less flour is extracted from the wheat, and involves the rejection of the very portion which contains the highest percentage of nitrogenous matter. A sound basis, however, very often lies beneath widely-spread habits, and it is not safe to neglect the practical sense of large sections of mankind. Is it a fact that bread made from flour from which the inferior products of "dressing" have been separated is less nutritious? This is a question which has been raised lately by competent inquirers, and the further question is certainly yet unsettled, whether there may not be some peculiarities in the coarser meals which render it more advantageous to reject them for human food, and use them only for feeding the animals which supply us with meat. As far as common experience affords evidence, white bread should be more serviceable than brown, since it is invariably preferred by the working classes, of whose food it forms so large a proportion. Still it is possible that this may be merely a preference

for the taste and appearance of white bread. Whatever may ultimately turn out to be the truth on this point, the corn which contains the largest amount of starch or white flour has a higher market value than that which contains the largest amount of gluten,

When flour and water are mixed together, the glutinous matter associated with the starch causes the whole to cohere, and thus forms a paste. Pure starch, as we see in the case of arrowroot, settles down in the shape of powder to the bottom of cold water, because none of the cementing *gluten* is present. Dough would form a dense solid mass when baked, if in the process of making it a quantity of air were not diffused throughout the mass, the expansion of which by the heat of the oven renders the substance more or less porous. In pastry the crust is further lightened by the use of butter, which acts by its particles melting so as to leave cavities. The "lightening," by the use of eggs is partly attributable to the increased viscosity arising from the albumen of the egg, which thus assists to confine the air bubbles in the substance. Carbonate of ammonia (or salt of hartshorn), which entirely evaporates in baking, is used in confectionery to raise the paste by the bubbles it forms in volatilization. The "unfermented" breads are rendered light upon the same principle: the usual method is to mix soda with the flour, and hydrochloric acid with the water, in the proportions in which they unite to form chloride of sodium or common salt. The effervescence, like that produced in mixing Seidlitz powders converts the paste into a porous sponge, which, however, requires to be very quickly placed in the oven. The "salt" formed by the mixture replaces that ordinarily added to the dough in making bread. Whatever, therefore, be the method by which bread is made light, the object to be attained is to pervade the substance with numerous cavities which keep the particles of flour

asunder instead of forming a compact and unyielding mass.

The science which gave an insight into the cause of the "rising" of bread, and suggested substitutes for the ordinary fermenting materials, is but of recent date. These ferments operate by generating an infinity of gas bubbles, which honey-comb the dough. The earliest process was to employ leaven, which is largely used still in the manufacture of black rye bread, and consists of dough which has become more or less sour by over-fermentation. This is kept from one baking to another, to inoculate a fresh bulk of paste with its fermenting influence. No sooner does it come in contact with the fresh dough, than it communicates its own properties as by contagion. Probably the discovery of leavening has been owing to accident in many countries, through neglected paste having been attacked by the fungus which is the cause of the fermentation. The substitution of the purer and more controllable "essence," the yeast, upon which the entire operation depends, is of comparatively recent date. Leaven contains yeast in a state of activity, mixed with partially decomposed flour. The yeast causes a decomposition of the constituents of flour, and changes a portion of its starch into sugar, and next into carbonic acid gas, which converts the mass of dough into a sponge. "Brewer's yeast" and "German yeast" are the ordinary forms in which this substance is used; the former is derived from beer, and German yeast is the same product "grown" in infusions of malt especially made for the purpose, and hence not contaminated with the biters which accompany brewer's yeast, and render it necessary to wash it very thoroughly with water before using it for making bread.

The simplest method of preparing the dough is to mix the yeast carefully with a part of the water required, to stir this into the center of the mass of flour, and then add more

liquid until the whole is converted by kneading into a firm but flexible paste. This is put into a warm place until it has swollen to twice its original size, is once more kneaded, is then left to rise, and is finally parted into loaves, and transferred to the oven. The object of the kneadings is to mix the materials, and to distribute the yeast equably through every portion of the mass. The purpose of letting the dough stand is to give time for the fermentation to be continued until sufficient carbonic acid has been generated.

The mode we have just described of "setting a sponge" is somewhat varied in ordinary practice. A process commonly employed in home-baking is to mix the yeast smoothly with a small quantity of gently-warmed water (sometimes a little milk is added, which promotes fermentation), and pour the compound into a hole made in the middle of the flour. A portion of the flour is next stirred into the liquid and a further portion strewed over the top. When left in a warm place, fermentation goes on, and the bubbles raise the sponge through the top coating of the flour. The whole is then kneaded together with the addition of the requisite quantity of water, and left once more to rise. The kneading is again repeated, after which the dough is formed into loaves, and these are left till they have swelled to double their primitive size, when they are put into the oven. The object in this plan is to be certain of a good fermentation in a stage of the process when there is still time to add more yeast; that is, before the kneading is completed. Those who prepare bread in large quantities for sale, carry out the principle of the "sponge" or leaven in a still more complicated fashion, the flour and water being added, with additional yeast, in successive relays, at intervals of several hours. Instead of the addition of milk to the yeast, a cheaper substitute is said to be extensively used by bakers in setting the

first sponge. This is a thickish paste made by mashing boiled potatoes with water, which from the softened condition of its starchy contents is more readily attacked by the ferment than pure flour.

Yeast is known to most persons merely as a creamy liquid, or in the German yeast as a tough semi-solid matter, which softens when placed in water. When the dough, through its influence, "rises" into a spongy mass, it may be compared to a species of solidified froth. Froth arises from the entanglement of particles of air or other gaseous matter in a more or less viscid liquid. The air confined in "soda-water" is a gas dissolved in pure water; when the pressure is removed it escapes very rapidly, so that no permanent froth is produced. In bottled beer and ginger beer, the carbonic acid does not escape so freely, since the liquids possess a certain viscosity which retains the gas in bubbles. We can not blow bubbles from pure water, but soap and water is sufficiently tenacious for the purpose. The cavities or bubbles in dough are produced exactly in the same way as those of the froth of bottled beer or other effervescing liquid; but two circumstances concur in bread to render them permanent: first, the fact that they are slowly formed; secondly, that they are generated in a substance which, while it is soft enough to allow the bubbles to expand, is tough enough to retain them. One of the main objections to what is called "unfermented bread," in which the lightness is produced by simple effervescence, arises from the sudden liberation of the gas on mixing the acidulated water with the flour containing a carbonated alkali. It becomes necessary to place the bread immediately in the oven, or its spongy character disappears.

It will surprise many persons to be told that yeast is a *plant*. It belongs to the class of Fungi, and in accordance with the general habit of its kind it differs from the green *fungus* of

vegetable life by feeding upon organic substances. The vegetative structures, mostly colorless and often undistinguishable without the aid of the microscope, are in many cases extraordinarily developed when their presence is hardly suspected except by the botanist. Gardeners are aware that the productiveness of their mushroom-beds is dependent on the healthy development of a mass of "spawn," of which the mushrooms are the fruit; but many persons are ignorant that the toadstools upon rotten wood are the mere indices of an invisible but widely spreading spawn, carrying destruction in the form of "dry-rot" as it extends itself among the fibers of the wood. Again, the appearance of moulds and mildews upon preserved vegetable substances or liquids is an index that the mischief is far advanced; for these are but the *fruits* of the fungi, produced in most cases only after the vegetative structure ("mother," flocculent clouds, and the like) has extensively spread.

Action does occur, and exercises most important effects in decomposing organic matters for its own nutrition, and propagating this decomposition throughout its neighborhood. This is the phenomenon which is called "fermentation," and which takes place in liquids containing starch, dextrine, or sugar, when a certain amount of albuminous matter is present. Infusion of malt, to which yeast is added, ferments, when kept at a certain temperature, into beer. The dextrine and sugar extracted from the malt by the water, increased during the fermentation by a further conversion of the starch remaining in the malt, pass by degrees into the form of alcohol, carbonic acid gas being set free. This constitutes *alcoholic fermentation*. If the beer, or fermented liquid containing a small percentage of alcohol, is exposed freely to the air, the fermentation advances into another stage or form: the alcohol disappears, and vinegar is found; this is the *acetous fermentation*, which takes place when

beer turns sour. What are called *lactic* and *butyric* fermentations may occur in the same materials under certain conditions. It is not uncommon to find lactic acid abundantly formed in the refuse "grains" of breweries in hot weather; but the *lactic* fermentation is still more readily generated in milk, which may be "turned" by yeast. The lactic acid produced unites with the albuminous matter or caseine to form the curd. The *butyric* fermentation occurs frequently in butter and cheese and other putrefying organic substances, and communicates a peculiarly offensive taste and odor. All these fermentations may arise in the process of *panification*, or the converting of the paste of flour and water into raised dough. The bubbles of carbonic acid are formed, as in the case of beer, at the expense of a certain portion of the starch and albuminous matters in the flour. In making bread the *alcoholic* fermentation is that which is desired; and part of the skill of the baker is to allow it to continue till it has gone far enough, and to stop it before it has gone too far. The heat of the oven puts an end to the process. The acetous fermentation produces vinegar, which has a solvent action upon the gluten, and diminishes the consistence of the bread; and the lactic fermentation injures both the flavor and color, while neither of them assists in "raising" the bread. It is a well-known fact, that sour milk or butter added to dough, left to rise in warm weather, often renders it uneatable. The sour flavor of black bread is produced by lactic fermentation. The cheesy odor which is evolved from "German yeast," when it has been kept until "putrid," affords an illustration of the connection of the lactic and butyric fermentation with panification. It appears from recent investigations that the color of ordinary brown bread is not so much dependent on the coloring matter of the bran as upon the nature of the fermentation in dough containing meal

derived from the coats of the wheat. There is then an evolution of ammonia, and a dark-colored substance is formed related to the black products of decayed vegetable matter, to which garden mould, etc., owe their color.

The quantity of water taken up by the dough and retained in the bread forms an important element when bread is sold by weight. The best authorities rate the percentage of water in ordinary baker's bread at 36 to 38 per cent. Professor Johnston calculated that it amounted to 44 per cent. in home-made, and to from 50 to 51 per cent. in baker's bread. The latter figures are probably too high. The power to take up and retain a large quantity of water indicates what bakers call "strength." Theoretically, a sack of good flour (weighing 280 lbs.) should yield 95 four-pound or quartern loaves; but the quantity of loaves obtained will be more or less in different cases, according to the character of the flour and the skill of the baker. This subject is by no means clearly understood at present, but we gather from the statements of various investigators the following particulars. The "strength" of a fine description of flour appears to depend upon the high percentage of its gluten, which absorbs water freely, and gives greater consistence to the dough. The whiter flours are commonly deficient in nitrogenous matter. On the other hand, the finer products of hard and more nitrogenous wheat contain a larger amount of the outer layers of the grain, and, although "stronger," are darker in color. These flours also pass more readily into violent fermentation, which produces discoloration of the bread, together with heaviness and wetness.

The cheaper, or in other words, the inferior flours are apt to ferment too much, and lose their tenacity, their lightness, and their white color. In this circumstance we have the key to the use of alum, which is a com-

pound of sulphuric acid with potash and alumina. "Good white and porous bread may certainly," says Mr. Accum, "be manufactured from good wheaten flour alone, but to produce the degree of whiteness now rendered indispensable by the caprice of consumers, it is necessary that the dough should be *bleached*. The smallest quantity of alum that can be employed with effect to produce a white, light, and porous kind of bread, from an inferior kind of flour, is from three to four ounces to a sack of flour weighing 240 pounds." The cry against what is called the adulteration by alum is thus in substance a cry against converting heavy bread into light bread—unpalatable food into palatable. Nevertheless an unsavory diet is better than a poisonous diet, and the clamor would be reasonable if the charges were true. Nothing, however, could more be unfounded. No argument can be drawn from the ordinary effects of alum, inasmuch as it is decomposed in the bread and converted into phosphate of alumina, which is an insoluble substance, and in fact nothing more than so much earth. That it is hurtful in the small quantities in which it is usually employed is very improbable, and certainly it has never yet been proved to be injurious. Lime-water is another efficient agent for improving inferior flours, and has been recommended by Professor Liebig in the proportion of 26 to 27 pints to 100 lbs. of flour. Since there is only 1 lb. of lime in 600 pints of lime-water, the amount introduced is insignificant. It is less, for instance, than exists in the meal of beans, which also are often mixed with damaged flour to restore their bread-making qualities.

Alum probably acts by checking the excessive fermentation which results from the *cerealine* in the outer coats of the wheat; the *cerealine* being much more active in bad flour than in good. M. Mege-Mouries has discovered a method by which to neutralize its ill effects, and at the same

time obtain much more bread-meal from the grain than by any process in previous use. In this method only a single grinding and dressing of the wheat is required, by which he obtains from 70 to 74 per cent. of fine flour. The 18 to 20 per cent. of brown meal which remains is stirred up with four times its weight of water, in which sugar and yeast has been submitted to the alcoholic fermentation. The mixture immediately commences its fermentation, which is allowed to continue for six or eight hours. The liquor is then strained for the purpose of removing the bran, and is immediately used to knead the fine flour into dough. This process both separates the meal that was adhering to the bran, and prevents the pernicious fermentation that would otherwise have been set up by the cerealine. The result is a loaf "lighter" than that made by the ordinary process, and at a much lower price, in consequence of the greater proportion of the product of the grain being used, and the diminished amount of labor applied both in the milling and the making of the bread. Not only is more of the wheat converted into bread, but a greater quantity of the nitrogenous matters is also retained.

As a rule, bread requires a rather quick oven in the baking, or the color is inferior; but, on the other hand, it is important that the outer part of the dough should not become scorched at first, since the heat will then char the outside while the inside remains uncooked. Dough made too wet requires a rather slow heat. When the inside is not properly baked, the chemical changes go on after the loaf is withdrawn from the oven, and in warm weather the bread soon turns sour and mouldy. In *keeping*, the utmost cleanliness should be practiced, or the fungus, so serviceable to us in the form of yeast, becomes a pest in the shape of must and mildew. Baked bread undergoes a peculiar change in the course of twenty-four hours after it is cold,—becoming, as

it is called, *stale*. This does not arise, as is often supposed, from its drying, for very little water is lost, and the character of new bread may to some extent be restored by heating the loaves gently over again, notwithstanding that this drives off a certain amount of water. The nature of the change has not yet been explained. When loaves have to be kept for several days in damp climates, the reheating them is very advantageous, since it not only improves the condition, but checks the development of mildew. Bread is preserved most advantageously in clean covered pans; but as the crust is apt to become soft by this plan, some prefer to keep it in a safe, placed in a current of air.

HER HOME WAS VIRTUE'S HONOR'D HALL.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

Her home was Virtue's honor'd hall,
Her virgin heart ne'er bent to pride,
She heeded not Ambition's call,
Her life and peace flow'd side by side;
She look'd the ruddy "rose of health,"
In bloom—devoid the thorns of guile—
No gem from Nature's realm of wealth
More beauty shed than her calm smile.

Afar and wide her praise was sung,
And suitors sought the maid to win—
She seem'd a sylph from sweetness sprung,
Without a stain or taint of sin;
Her words, like some monastic chime,
In charming cadence chanted clear—
Not purer sounds a poet's rhyme,
Than her rich voice fell on the ear.

At festive board, the young and gay
Shone dim, in her transcendent light,
As stars in azure fade away
When beams the bride and queen of night;
But when decay'd those maiden years,
Time's changes came—her soul was press'd
With matron cares, and bitter tears,
Like rain-drops, bathed her bursting breast.

Misfortune pierced her bosom through,
Her babe hath pass'd Death's silent gate,
The husband, father, follow'd too,
And left her "lone and desolate;"
A beauteous wreck, she sunk, of woes,
And join'd her earthly lost above,
Where eyes in sorrow never close,
And all is peace and all is love.

BANKS OF THE OHIO, 1859.

THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Young brows that are old with grief,
Young hearts that are cold with care,
Whose hopes drop off like the yellow leaf
Which pines for the sunlit air."

"THE devil was in that girl as big as life," remarked Reynard to the minister, after they had descended the steps of the house, and walked for some distance along the pavement without speaking.

"It sounded more like an angel," was the curt reply.

Mr. Brainley, who was not the pastor of Mr. Livingstone's church, but a less distinguished man, chosen for the occasion, seemed ill at ease, and anxious to get away from his companion, who was not blind to that disposition upon his part.

"I never thought to be dumb-founded by a woman; but I declare, we sneaked off as if we felt guilty, didn't we?"

The slight accent placed upon the "we" was rather invidious. The thwarted lover felt bad, and was bound that his mortification should be shared.

"I do not see as there was any thing for me to do, but to come away," replied the clergyman. "The next time you employ a respectable minister to perform such a duty, you had better be sure that the necessary arrangements are completed, to save him any such annoyance as I have been subjected to."

"Now, if it's the loss of your time and trouble that you're feeling so bad about, I'll make that all right with you. Jacob Reynard don't look twice at a hundred-dollar bill. Just say nothing about this little affair—which hasn't turned out just as I expected it would—and it'll be all right until next time."

"Of course, I shall not make it my duty to promote any scandal—and I must say some aspects of this affair

look rather scandalous. I do not know why that girl turned upon me so, however; I came at your bidding, of course, without a hint that the proceedings were contrary to the wish of the other party."

"Oh, I know, you wouldn't a been guilty of promoting a match for money upon no account! I presume your own daughter, if you've got one, you would sooner see married to a worthy young man without the first red cent, than a gay rascal, with a quarter of a million! *Of course*, you had, for you're a minister of the Gospel, and know that it is harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter that place you're so anxious to get to! I know the self-denyin' tendencies of the Gospel, as shown in the doings and livings of its preachers, though I don't pretend to be wise. But, you see, those people, there, thought differently. They knew a good match wasn't to be despised—especially in this crisis—and they had their reasons—good, sound reasons for it, too! Mr. Livingstone would have been in a tight place, if it had n't been for that handsome daughter of his. She's kept him out of prison for a few weeks, by her pretending sickness; but it's all over now, and blast her! she shall find out what she's done. Lost her father a cool hundred thousand, too, by her whimsies!"

"You do not mean to say that our respected citizen, Mr. Liv—"

"Respected be—excuse me, sir, I was about to swear before a preacher. Respected, I suppose, and a church-member, too! does a great deal of good—very benevolent, influential citizen, and all that; but then, you see, Jacob Reynard has spotted him—he knows the man. That dainty daughter of his shall be brought down to beggary and starvation, if I

can bring her. We'll see who, of all her fine fellows, will have her a week from to-day."

"You do not really know any thing criminal of our esteemed fellow-citizen."

"Never you mind, what I know, to-night. Look in the papers to-morrow evening or the next morning, and your curiosity will be gratified."

"Let me advise you, sir, not to take any revenge upon that young lady, who does not seem to blame for not wishing to marry you. If you have been injured, it will be more Christian-like to forgive."

"Look here, reverend sir, I do not want any advice. When I do, I go to a lawyer, and pay for it; it's more to my liking. I am going to pay you for your trouble to-night, but not for a sermon. I know the main-spring that keeps every thing a going here below. The first question a man asks now-a-days is, 'will it pay?' That's what you asked yourself when you took up preaching, and I suppose it pays pretty well, but not with me."

Just then they came opposite a church, which was open for prayer. The meeting had not yet closed, and the clergyman, to get rid of his unwelcome companion, asked him to enter.

"No, I thank you, not to-night. Your city is such a powerful pious place, though, I should n't wonder if I did join before I leave town. 'Birds of a feather flock together;' and I guess you and I and some others would make a pretty respectable crowd. What shall I give you for your trouble to-night? There's ten gold eagles, a kind of a bird that beats the American eagle all hollow."

"I will take them," said Mr. Brainley, in a dignified voice, "not as the price of a service which I did not perform, but as a gift to the cause of the church. I will deposit them in the missionary fund."

"I hope they won't convert any honest savage into a New York Christian," said the other, bluntly; "that would be spoiling him entirely."

Well, good luck to you with your prayers."

"I shall pray for you, sir."

"Do, if you please, ha! ha! I shall be very much obliged to you—never have time myself. I'm going round the corner here to call on the president of the . . . Co."

Jacob Reynard turned into the Fifth Avenue, and after a short walk, rung the bell, as he had threatened, at the door of the president. That gentleman was at home, reading the evening papers in his library, and ordered the stranger to be shown in. He was somewhat puzzled at the appearance of the mock-gentlemanly person whose flourishing bow he returned with a very quiet one.

"Perhaps you do not recollect me, sir; but you must have seen me frequently in the company of your friend, Mr. Livingstone, for the last few weeks. It is about this gentleman that I have taken the liberty to call upon you. I think you'll find my visit dictated by a sense of your own interest, sir. My name is Jacob Reynard, from the West, sir. Can I have a private interview upon business of importance?"

"We are alone, Mr. Reynard, and I am at leisure. Be seated."

Reynard drew his chair close up to that of the president, leaned forward, with his elbow on his knee, and began, in a seemingly cautious manner, his story; telling it with such shrewdness as was sure to make the deepest impression upon his surprised listener.

"You might have told me this of any other man in the city, and I would have believed you as quickly. It is incredible! I beg your pardon. Of course, you are prepared to substantiate your statements—I mean, it is amazing."

"Call a meeting of the Board to-morrow afternoon, and see if I do not prove all, and more, if you admit me to the council. You will find the accounts to second my statements, I guess. I reckoned it would surprise you—wolves sometimes look

wonderfully like sheep, when they get the wool well arranged. Sorry to have exposed such a respectable scoundrel, sir, but the interests of the firm I was not willing to see jeopardized. He lives like a prince, that man does, and some of these days your bank will bust, and that'll be the end of you. Thought it was only fair to give you a warning in time. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night. Come to the bank to-morrow at three—after regular hours are over. We will overhaul this matter—sift it thoroughly. Much obliged to you, Mr. Reynard, for the trouble you have taken."

As his visitor went out, chuckling, into the darkness, the president turned back into his luxurious library.

"Livingstone *must* have been living beyond his means—that is true. No man that I know keeps a finer establishment in some respects. I always supposed that he added to his income by buying and selling Western property. Who would have thought it? What man is honest now-a-days? That handsome wife of his will feel terribly. I pity her—upon my soul I do: but a man has no business to ~~add to~~ every thing to keeping up a splendid establishment," and the president looked around upon his sumptuous house, congratulating himself that he had never made himself amenable to the law in any of *his* multiple "transactions." He may have raised and depressed markets, and enriched himself by the ruin or loss of hundreds of smaller stock-owners in the various ways so well known to bankers, brokers, and stock-jobbers generally, but his proceedings were always legal. He had no patience with the weakness which led a man from the path of rectitude. And it irritated him to think how little Mr. Livingstone's family had retrenched their expenses through all the tightness of the times.

While Reynard was at the house of the bank president, Eleanor Strong was on her way home. She dreaded these long walks after dark, very

much, but not so much as she used to. She had been frightened many times by ruffian advances, and when she was younger and more timid, had suffered dread; but the very instinct of self-preservation had caused her to assume a masculine courage, and the more forcible and bitter her feelings grew, the less she feared the brutality of man. That night she would have faced any danger which might lay between her and her home; and bold would the man have been who would have accosted her, as with a quick, determined step and resolute face she passed along. She was not compelled to go through any very disreputable localities; not yet had the lash of necessity driven her into the loathsome haunts of the wretchedest poor—her home was still *a home*—a room and bed-room in a respectable tenement house, with many little remains of former prosperity still lingering in threadbare antiquity within.

As she reached the house and passed up to her apartments, she heard a voice conversing with her mother. She recognized it, and her heart gave a sudden leap, even before she opened the door, and received with a slight blush the greeting of Martin Morris, the young man whose name was inscribed in several of the few books which graced her table.

"You are late to-night, Eleanor," said her mother. "It is unjust and cruel for these wealthy women to keep you at your tasks until this hour, because they have some dress, perhaps, which they *must* wear to-morrow, despite of the fifty others in their wardrobes."

"That is the case often enough, mother; but it was not to-night."

"I came quite early, Miss Eleanor," said her visitor, "and have waited until your return. Your mother and I have been discussing some of our theories; and, to tell the truth, I did not like to go back to my lodgings this evening before bedtime, for I feel lonely, or did, before your mother's pleasant talk beguiled my thoughts."

"We are glad to see you; it's a long while since you made us a visit," and Eleanor, who had laid off her out-door garments, came to the fire.

"I have not felt like seeking society; I have not been very prosperous lately, and I am discouraged."

"A *man* should not be discouraged—despair is for women."

"I know, I know," said the young man, his cheek reddening. "Many men might take a lesson from your bravery, Miss Eleanor; but we are but human, after all. And in solitude, sometimes, we grow chimerical or cowardly. The genial influence of home and female society is denied me, and I grow misanthropical. A poor under book-keeper, if he has any taste or ambition, can not expect to be received in circles such as he might naturally crave to enter. You are the only female acquaintances I have in the whole city."

"It has been a hard winter among all classes, has it not?"

"I do not know whether my employer and his family have suffered for any of the conveniences of life. I have not heard that they have any luxury the less, although he made a bad failure. As for me, I have been out of a place for two months."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! is it not fortunate that I am not a married man? as I might have been, being twenty-eight years of age. I had saved up a very little—a paltry sum which Miss Madeline would throw away upon a pocket-handkerchief—at interest, hoping to add to it from time to time; with—a dream—that at some distant future day I could with it fit up the beginning of a modest home, such as the heart of every virtuous man craves. But it is all gone. The bank broke in which it was deposited. I have been paying my board the last few weeks by disposing of some of my books, when I could not get a little copying to do here and there."

His voice was somewhat bitter and

tremulous. Eleanor threw a long, hasty look at his face, with its moody eyes fixed on the fire. The hot tears swelled under her eyelids, but she repressed them. Who shall say what indistinct dream of her own faded with that of the speaker's? No one could have guessed from her next sentence.

"Why do you not go to the country? The papers bid those who are out of employment to seek it in the country."

"That is easier said than done. Business is at a stand-still everywhere. Did I wish to labor with my hands, there's not much farm-work to be done in the winter. I am not educated to any trade,—you see it is easier to plan than to execute. Did you see that account in the papers of the woman who stole the meat and devoured it raw?"

"It is not necessary to read—I see too much every day; my heart is wrung—or hardened," she added, in a stern manner.

"Since we can not help these things, let us not talk of them," said Mrs. Strong. "Eleanor, I should like to hear you sing."

"I was thinking of it before I came in," added the guest. "I have not heard any singing for a long time. I believe it would drive this melancholy out of my heart."

"I am but an old-fashioned singer, Mr. Morris. Mother likes me to sing, but she has not been to the opera these many years, and is not good authority. But if it shall please you, I will not hesitate," and she began, in a clear, rich voice, a song which he had not before heard:

"Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?
The're bonny fish and ballsam fairin' ;
Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?
New drawn frae the Forth ?
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows ?

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They're no brought here without brave darin' ;
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar fairin' ;
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
On them lives o' men !"

"Where did you get that song, Miss Eleanor?"

"I found the words in an old newspaper, and they struck my fancy so much, that I adapted a wild melody to them. I never repeat them, but I see, in imagination, the storm-roughened but vivid faces of the fisher-girls, as they trudge along with their weary load. I think, too, of the ocean surf, and the shells upon the shore."

"There were two pictures, companion pieces, in the French Exhibition of Art, on display here this winter—A Breton Fisher-girl going to her labor, and returning from it, that excited the same half-wild fancies in my mind. The dark skin, the piercing eye, the handsome face, the energy of the almost masculine stride, made an expressive picture. I liked it much."

"Then you do get into the inner temples, sometimes?"

The question was asked with a sigh. The young man did not think what it meant at first, but light broke upon him.

"Very rarely, indeed. My income did not permit much indulgence; besides, I was trying to save, for a purpose, as I told you. A brother book-keeper invited me to go with him to the French and English galleries,—it was a treat to me." He did not say that he had intended to take Eleanor to visit them some day, before he got so very poor.

"It is hard to live years within walking distance of what your soul craves to hear and see, yet be denied; because, labor as you will, you never see the time when you have any thing beyond the absolute necessities," murmured Eleanor. "Oh, I have envied the rich *some* of, their privileges! Now, what I most pine for is to get out of the city, which is beautiful only to those who can enjoy its luxuries. I want to go West—to have a little piece of land of my own, upon which I can stand, in which I can dig and plant potatoes, that I may after-

ward gather and eat; where I may step out of my cabin and see the trees wave and the grass beaded with dew. That would compensate for the want of pictures and operas. But I shall never lay up money to carry my mother and myself there, with our dear Constance. And even those benevolent agents of the Woman's Emigration society would hardly take us all in a lump, and set us down together, where we could dwell in a cabin of our own."

Mrs. Strong, whose eyes were those of a mother, saw a repressed flurry in their visitor's manner, as he listened to this. His heart throbbed, and he opened his lips eagerly, but closed them without speaking. Perhaps another haunting hope had been startled in its long and lonely watch.

"Sing me another song, and I will go."

The song was given; and then Martin Morris shook hands with mother and daughter, promising not to remain away so long again, even if he were in trouble.

"Oh, here is something which I made for Constance in my idle hours, which have been too many lately," and he left a very pretty box made of pieces of ornamental wood, highly polished; and holding a set of miniature chairs and other articles of doll's furniture, which he had fashioned with much patience and skill.

"How pleased she will be," thought both; "the dear child has seldom a present."

Did it add still another to the graces of Martin Morris' character, in the eyes of Eleanor Strong, when she turned to the radiant face of the little girl, again and again, during the following morning?

"It was thoughtful in him," she mused; "it has made me much happier than some more costly gift to myself would."

Perhaps the young man had an intuition of the surest way of pleasing a really unselfish heart.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH PRIMROSE.

TWO or three years since, a paper, published at Melbourne, Australia, announced that a living English Primrose had been imported, and was then on board a ship in the harbor. It was added that it would be brought on shore and exhibited in the city. The arrival of no prima donna, no great tragedian, no prince of the blood, with the hearty enthusiasm kindled by the coming of the delicate and beautiful flower. The streets were thronged with all classes of people; old men and matrons, young men and maidens, the miner and the clown, all eager to see the debarking of the sinless child of England. And such was the pressure that the police were summoned, lest it should be crushed to death on the way. A double line was formed, and through it the blushing stranger was borne to its quarters in safety.

And we can easily believe all this, for we can fancy how in some strange land, ungraced by such a flower, the American heart would warm to the violet of our western woods, that under the brink of a decaying snow-drift, opened its brave blue eye upon delighted childhood. We can believe that even the strong man might answer to that look, and stay his step "on business bound;" that there might be a tear, but not night's, trembling upon the flower; that he might sit down beside it in that foreign land, they two, the violet and the man, and hold sweet converse.

How the paths he walked in, which its kindred used to fringe, would rise distinctly into sight, like the blue veins of a human hand, when the pulse beats strong and full; how he would gather a cluster thoughtfully again, and lo, there stands the girl he had not thought of in twenty years, ready to receive the token as of old. The links of the chain, so long coiled away in a dark corner of his heart, would glitter one by one in the strange sunshine, and for a day his

stern nature would be gentler and better for the interview.

The picture of which we began to write, gives one of the scenes after the Primrose was borne to its destination. The flower stands upon a chest in the middle of a store, and in the center of a silent group whose souls are in their eyes. A broad-shouldered Englishman, in an apron, stands with clasped hands, and such a smile as he would greet a little confiding child that should look up into his face for a glimpse of human sunshine. A stout fellow in a cap, who looks as if he might be a blacksmith's "helper," stands with lifted hand and fore finger pointing upward; his lips are compressed, and his whole expression "fills the silence like a speech;" "Can it be possible! A primrose from 'ome!"

A Yorkshire clown in the foreground is so pleased he does not know what to do with himself. One hand is disposed, as if he had just washed it and hung it in the air to dry, and his eyes are almost shut with delight. He looks as if somebody were tickling him into a spasm. A man, one of the stout yeomanry of England, sits upon a bale, with a child between his knees; his thoughtful gaze is upon the flower, but his heart has gone over the sea a-remembering.

A mother in "the old arm chair" is directing the attention of a curly-headed, laughing boy to the sweet pilgrim; he is too young to recall the dear dweller in English meadows, but over her face there has come, like the evening twilight, a pensive sadness.

Just over the flower two "English Marys" bend. The eyes of one of them is upon the blossoms, but her heart is far away; away in the green lanes of England, and the sky-lark going up to heaven's morning gate, and the dear old cottage glittering white through the green foliage, and the yew-tree's sacred shade slung on the graves of her fathers. Australia was to her an under-world far down beneath the English meadows then, and now she has found it over the sea,

and one poor little Primrose has come alone to bear her back again in a breath, and set her on the shady side of the hawthorn.

The other has withdrawn her veiled eyes from the flower, and is lost in a waking dream; for it seems like a dream to her those days, when she was among the Primroses at home. Ah, it will ever be "at home," no matter how far away or how long ago, where they grew, the children of the sod.

He in "the wide awake," with long, lean whiskers like a cat, and pistols in his belt, has lost his simple love for English Primroses, but not for English Marys. His eyes are upon the the drooping one, and we are sure he thinks her the fairer of the twain.

Much more is there to be read upon the pictured page, and the simple scene is more beautiful to us than the bravery of a knightly tournament. We do not wonder that an English poet has put words into those speechless lips, for whatever dialect they had said it in, the thought must have been a poem:

She comes!—make way, ye people!—stand reverently aside;
She comes!—the gentle traveler, in purity and pride;
Shower welcomes fair upon her,
To show befitting honor;
And give her love and homage from hearts and kindling eyes,
And believe her, and receive her, with a thousand sympathies,

She has cross'd the stormy ocean, a pilgrim to our shore,
As fresh as Youth and Beauty, and dear as days of yore;
Stand back! for she is tender,
And delicate, and slender;
And a rude, too boisterous greeting, well meant although it be,
Might endanger our sweet stranger, from the land beyond the sea.

Oh! the love that she awakens, and the smiles, twin-born with tears,
That her pleasant face up-summons from the depths of other years,
When we were blithe and youthful,
And fresh of heart and truthful,
And roam'd by rippling rivers, and woodland pictures wild,
To meet her, and to greet her, in the valleys where she smiled.

How often, in life's morning, when none but she was nigh,
And the blithe, free lark above us, sprinkling music from the sky,
Beside the stile we've waited,
Until evening hours belated,

To breathe the youthful passion, that was bold as well as coy,
To some maiden, love-beladen, full of innocence and joy!

How often, in life's noontime, when our boys and girls were young,
We have taken them to meadows where the early blossoms sprung,
In that well-beloved far-land,
And wove them many a garland
Of buttercups and daisies, and primrose blushing fair,
And entwined them, and enshrined them, 'mid the clusters of their hair.

Stand back, ye joyous people! ye shall see her, every one;
Ye shall see her, but not touch her, where we leave her in the sun:
She shall smile on you serenely,
And fairy-like and queenly;
And pour upon your spirits, like the dew from heaven's own dome,
The feelings, and revealings, and memories of Home!

B. F. T.

THE CLOUDS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

GOLDEN, yellow, and crimson,
White as December snow,
Tinged with the winter glory,
Bathed in the summer glow—
Beautiful, gorgeous vapors,
Born of the floating mist,
Form'd in the hidden heavens,
And by the sunshine kiss'd!
Sailing on, ever onward,
Withersoever ye list.

Clouds of the thunder tempest;
Clouds of the April morn;
Clouds that hang o'er the June woods,
White with blossoming thorn;
Clouds of a golden sunrise;
Clouds in the purple west,
Folding the blue-bodied hills up
In a vermilion vest;
How can I give my preference?
Loving each soft dye the best.

White ships sailing the azure,—
Azure of heaven's deep—
Graceful as feathery sea-weeds
Cast from the ocean's keep;
Wild, erratic, and changeful,
Like beauty's face in eclipse,
When tears and smiles hover jointly
Over eyelids and lips,
Till you're like a bee in his honey,
Lost in reveling sips!

There is a tender brightness,
Love, and glory, and light,
Dwelling in those fair wanderers
Over the blue-arch'd height!
The blossoms of heaven's gardens,
Sparkled by dew-drop stars,
Which peep in the silent evenings
Down through the cloudy bars,
While Day and the Sun ride westward
In golden and crimson cars.

MOSAICS FOR HOME AND FOR SCHOOL.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

YESTERDAY and To-morrow! What was the one—what will be the other? Yesterday we had—to-morrow we hope for. The present is a point which no man knows. It passes while we think or speak of it. We can not compare the past and the future for ourselves, but we can what was the past and the future for our predecessors, and in the comparison may learn good lessons for to-day. It is a comparison the parent and the teacher ought often to make.

—The other day we saw a dozen boys playing shinny with zealous activity. "Shinny on your own side!" was the frequent cry among them. It is a cry you would do well to remember, boys. Its sentiment is good in other plays—it is good in classrooms and recitation-rooms—and you will find it good when you go out from school to do business for yourselves in the world. "Shinny on your own side." There is a command for honesty and for self-reliance in that cry. Bear it in mind, boys.

—Education begins not with the school, but as some shrewd observer has remarked, with the mother's look and tone of voice, in the early infancy of her offspring. The education which guards the young from crime, is not alone the knowledge of books—capacity to read and write, but a preparation to derive just instruction from what is read and written—a watchfulness at home which teaches restraint, and which starts the youth on a course of usefulness in the world. There is a greater proportion of crime among those who learn no trade or profession than among those who have regular and useful occupations. Idleness and ignorance, therefore, are the parents of vice.

—A celebrated horticulturist has said, "It is a remarkable fact, according to the chemistry of the world, that trees which are shaken regularly

every day in the green house, grow more rapidly and are stronger than others which are kept unagitated." The winds then are necessary to the healthful growth of the forest and the orchard. What is good for trees is good for men and women—vigorous agitation. The "chemistry of success" shows that activity is accumulative for inherent power as well as for practical effect.

—Because in harmony with, or in defiance to, the family circle those tastes and habits are formed which most control human life and character, I would suggest a few leading questions to parents who wish American society to improve in healthfulness and geniality: Is the street more attractive than the fireside to your boys—more winning to your girls? Does night find father, mother, and children *at home*, or in some neighbor's parlor engaged in good reading, pleasant converse, or wholesome play? or does it find mother silent and solitary, it may be sad, at home? father, if not engaged in business, ventilating his politics on a street corner, airing his limbs over a grocery counter, or over a dry goods box, or indulging a bad taste for stale jokes and coarse anecdotes in a saloon? girls gossiping? boys learning how cigars and whiskey taste, how the ribald jest, the vulgar boast, the base oaths—the criminal banter sound in associations which daylight dispels?

The wickedest boys in any town are those whose goings forth at night are not restrained or directed by their parents. Those who are responsible for the culture of youth, need to bear in mind that while there is solemn beauty in the night, there is fitting opportunity in it for him who is wicked, against him who is weak,—its gloom lulls physical senses, and it quiets scruples of conscience—is a cloak for guile, as well as a shield for rest.

The license of the street at night, in which American boys are too generally

indulged, is the most fruitful source of those traits of character which cause "Young America" to be reproached with impudence, recklessness, vulgarity, and profanity. Not until boys and girls are charmed at home, do they know what social happiness is, nor will they prefer innocent recreation to fierce excitement, or chaste amusement to hot dissipation. Wherever home is not higher and worthier than a place in which to eat, and sleep, and get one's clothes washed and mended, social life is neither pure nor elevated—wherever it is not more and better than a medium of display, the just philosophy of social happiness can not be appreciated.

Practical reform in American habits—in American character, in self-regard and self-protection, must begin at *firesides*. It is akin to charity. To expect that a good time is coming in which just views of the correct relations of work and play, of business and recreation, of pleasure and amusement will prevail, unless that uncertain branch of the human family, known as "the rising generation," is wisely restrained, directed, and encouraged, is to expect against reason and against experience.

—On a visiting day at a common school, we were grieved to see little girls "decorated" with jewelry in their ears, on their necks, and on their hands. It was not only out of taste in itself, but it was encouraging a love of display, which always interferes with the pursuit of knowledge. Girls and boys in school are handsome when they have clean faces, well-brushed hair, clean hands, and clean clothes. Cleanliness promotes health of body and mind. Little folks who are made the exhibitors of laces, and silks, and brooches, and bracelets, are unfitted for vigorous exercises; they can not study diligently, because their attention is divided between dull books and rich attire; and they prevent others from study, by example, or because of envious emotions which

their ill-advised display inspires. Mothers may remember with comfort to themselves, and benefit to their children, that often even the appearance of evil is to be watchfully avoided.

—Timely sympathy rescues many a generous spirit from the despondency and gloom which hastens to the grave. Teachers should understand that truth, and be neither afraid nor indisposed to act upon it. They may thereby make many a refractory pupil obedient, and many a dull scholar lively. It is a little thing to console kindly him whom misfortune hath "marked for its own," yet to his broken heart it is like the gentle dew to the parched herbage—it is sweet almost as the inward consciousness of Heaven's approving smile to the penitent, prayerful sinner.

—In a town, which it would be unfair to name, a schoolmistress was dismissed from the care of children who loved her, because, as one of the directors said, she gave too much time to matters which the school law did not require. She was a sweet singer, and whenever her scholars were restless and she found it difficult to govern them pleasantly, she would sing a cheerful hymn or lively song. They would all eagerly listen, and then renew their studies with cheerful hearts. Objections were made by narrow-spirited, unwise people to the spending of their children's time for study in song-singing, and the schoolmistress was dismissed.

How far from a true conception of a good school were those people. A stout rod briskly applied would not have been deemed an improper corrective, but the genial influence of music, summoned to anticipate cross words or harsh blows must be forbidden. How little like "sweet home" must be the firesides from which such a sentiment flows. The fireside without music—the school without music—must be dull, vulgar, or sad. Refinement and joy live in sweet tunes. Music may teach, in a school, what precepts and rods cannot. Let all our

schools be glad with song—let generous sentiments—patriotic emotions—lessons of good breeding and moral maxims, set to good tunes, be often sung in them, and vulgarity and vice will be less known.

—Teachers may get some hints respecting the teaching of words if they will cause pupils to call over a list of those which are new to them. A few days ago a little girl was reading aloud to us. She came to the word *Ezra* and called it *Ezar*, to *Craft* and called it *Sir-raft*. Were there not phonetic hints in that reading exercise?

—A panorama of Kane's expedition to the north pole was exhibited in . . . recently. In the afternoon, previous to the first exhibition, an omnibus, carrying two men dressed in Esquimaux costume, and two Esquimaux dogs, was driven through the streets of the city. It attracted the little folks' most earnest attention. A girl of our acquaintance, about seven years of age, asked us what the show meant.

We endeavored to explain to her what a panorama is, and what Kane's expedition was, and told her she might go and see the pictures.

"I wouldn't go there!" she exclaimed, quite decidedly.

"And why, pray?" we asked.

"Because he killed his brother Abel."

We looked incredulous.

"My Sunday-school teacher said so!" exclaimed the child, with an air which was intended to impress us that the authority was not to be questioned.

We could not suppress a smile at the queer confusion of chronology, if nothing more, the child had made, but we had a sober face before we could satisfy ourself that she understood the distinction between Cain who went to the land of Nod, and Kane who went to the north pole.

How many such confusion of facts do our children indulge, of which we never learn?

—A lesson which teachers should

all impress, while imparting facts and figures in the "common branches," was well expressed by Byron:

"The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing."

MARRIAGE, AS A MEANS OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

IN a small volume or periodical which I casually took up in a friend's house a few days since, I read the following paragraphs, which I took the pains to transcribe. As they appeared without credit, the name of the writer is unknown to me. But believing the sentiments they contain will be approved and appreciated by the readers of "THE HOME," I transmit them for publication, subjoining a few remarks suggested by the perusal.

"Marriage is the most natural, innocent, and useful state, if you can form it to any tolerable advantage. It bids fairest for that little portion of happiness of which this life admits, and is in some degree a duty which we owe to the world. If entered into from proper motives, it is a source of the greatest benefits to the community, as well as of private comforts to ourselves. How poignant are many sorrows of life without a friend to alleviate and divide them! How many are the moments, how many are the exigencies in which we want sympathy, tenderness, affection!

"Pleas of inability to support a family, of the expensiveness of wives, and their propensity to splendor and dissipation, are used, I know, by some to soften their misconduct and throw a flimsy veil over their crimes. Yet it is doubtless true, that an extravagant turn for finery and show is a great disadvantage to every woman; that it is adverse to all her happiest prospects, and prevents not a few

from ever addressing her, who, in reality, might have been the most faithful and obliging companions through life. Many are deterred from doing so, by a reluctance to degrade or bring down a woman to a condition which they conceive to be beneath her wishes and her habits.

"Women that assume the reins, seldom manage them with dignity. Their authority breaks forth in numberless petty instances of tyranny and caprice, which only render them miserable in themselves, as well as unamiable to every beholder. The quality which shows a married lady to advantage, is a modest submission of her understanding to the man whom she has not been ashamed to honor with her choice.

"This quality is graphically delineated by Milton in his description of the character of Eve, who is made to show that deference and consciousness of *inferiority*, which, for the sake of order, the Allwise Author of nature manifestly intended. The consequence is, that her character appears lovely to all, and that her associate (as all sensible men will) treats her with double tenderness, and gives her every mark of delicate protection."

Few unions, it is believed, are formed which are not the consequence of sincere, reciprocal affection. How, then, do so many of them become unhappy? That unhappy unions are as often attributable to the conduct of husbands as to that of wives, is probably true. But as it is the latter whose conduct is the subject of remark, I may be permitted to say, that, as regards their own agency in the matter, nothing, perhaps, more frequently abates the fervor of conjugal affection than the want of that character which is justly commended in the last-quoted paragraph. *Submission*, however, is a lesson which some women never learn. There are those who scrupulously regard many of the Divine injunctions, who, judging from their practice, must be supposed to ascribe to this word a differ-

ent meaning from that usually given to it, or would gladly have it expunged from the Bible.

I desire not the degradation of woman, but her elevation. Nor do I hold to the doctrine of her inferiority, in a certain sense. I would not detract from her dignity and her power; I would vastly increase them. But this can be done only by a strict observance of the Divine rule. While she practically reverses this rule, by assuming authority which the great Lawgiver forbids, how can she expect to retain that place in her husband's affections which she once occupied? There is "a more excellent way" in which wives can obtain control over their husbands, than by unnaturally snatching the "reins" from hands in which they have been placed by higher than human authority. It is by adopting, as a model, the character of good mother Eve in her primeval state. Let them cultivate the *womanly* graces, amiability, deference, or, to use those plainer words of inspiration, "reverence," and "submission," and they will acquire a power of control which few husbands can resist.

Happiness! To a dictatorial wife it is impossible. A tyrannizing disposition infallibly renders its possessor miserable. The tamest husband will not always *submit*; and his refusal will give offense, and occasion unhappy feelings, and perhaps subject himself to the charge of disrespectful and unkind treatment, or a want of conjugal affection. I repeat the opinion, that this affection, in most cases, exists in due measure at the time of contracting and consummating this relation. But in the way mentioned, and in many others, by the fault of both parties, the "mystic tie" is gradually weakened; and before the period of wedlock is half expired, the original affection, or "first love," by which two hearts,

"Like kindred drops, were mingled into one," becomes well-nigh extinguished. May these examples of indiscretion be

heeded by those who have not yet committed the fatal mistake.

ALPHA.

Out of respect to the friend who sends the preceding communication, we admit it to a place in our columns; but we can not do this without distinctly stating that we do not either "appreciate it or approve of it;" we admit it only under protest. We will say just two words about the "womanly graces," so highly recommended, of "reverence" and "submission,"—and we found our opinion upon a higher authority, even than St. Paul (and here be it remarked that Christ, who was *absolutely perfect* in all his teachings, lays down no such law as his follower St. Paul, nor ever hints it). The base, then, of our opinion is laid in *human nature*, the laws of which will assert themselves, despite of any advice or dogma of any person, creed, or system. It is our opinion, that it is impossible for the heart to reverence what is not worthy of reverence; and no command, no sense of duty, will make it possible for a wife to reverence a husband as a duty and a law. She will reverence, naturally, just such qualities of nobleness, purity, and strength in him as she finds to excite her respect and veneration; he, in return, will reverence the holiness of feminine thought, its tenderness and chastity, if he finds it to exist. And in either case, where there is a lack of the qualities most esteemed by the opposite sex, there will be a lack of reverence; and it would be clearly asking human nature to revolt against its own intuitions to demand it. As for submission, we do not think there is any occasion for this to be practiced by either party, in any different degree from what is practiced by all people toward one another. Politeness alone causes people in society mutually to consult the good of each other, to defer to others' wishes, and respect others' wants and tastes; Christianity carries this still further, even to the "do unto others, as you

would that they should do unto you," and the practice of this precept by both sides of a society, whether it be formed of numbers, or of two individuals, can not fail to produce peace, justice, and harmony. How cruel, how egotistical, how unjust, to demand that this golden rule shall be practised by one side only! "By submission only can a woman control her husband." A woman of heart and sense, happily married, does not wish to control her husband, any more than to be controlled. She feels that they have entered into an equal partnership to carry on the business of life; and does not see why this business can not be transacted, as all other partnership affairs are, by the mutual agreement and interests of the parties. The stupendous selfishness which can ask of one party the total annihilation of its voice and inclinations, while it exacts the full share of service and capital, is only equaled by the blind egotism which can call such an exaction Christian.

But we are not going to argue this question; and we firmly decline to open our columns to any of its *pros* or *cons*; it will some day right itself, as many other things have done; but it will be in a day when the doctrines of Christ have become so loved and appreciated that power will no longer be the synonym of tyranny, and when men will be ashamed to base their actions upon the motto that "might makes right." We also subjoin a quotation, as a set-off to Alpha's admired paragraphs, which he has been at the pains, for the pleasure and edification of our sex, to transcribe:

"People of fashion rarely, although sometimes, chastise their wives as the democracy do; but they speak broomsticks, although they may use none. Some pale-faced women there are, ay, peeresses, who, venturing to remove their masks a breathing space, disclose to observant eyes such heel-marks on their brows as are far worse than knife-stabs or outward bruises. What depths of degradation, what

trodden-out jealousies, what shuddering fears, are to be read sometimes upon unruffled coroneted brows! What awful looks are sometimes to be seen sweeping over noble faces, dead to malice one would have hoped, since dead to feeling, when the wife speaks a truth unwelcome, or interrupts the long-drawn, solemn drawl of her liege lord!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES,

ON CULTIVATING A TASTE FOR DRAWING.

BY REV. JOHN C. ABBOTT.

SKILL in drawing, or rather sketching from nature, is one of the most useful and interesting accomplishments which a young lady can possess. It is cultivated almost invariably among the higher circles in England, and Europe, generally, but it has been, until of late, greatly neglected in this country. The daughters of the kings of Europe, and of the nobility, who enjoy all the advantages which wealth can confer, almost invariably take the pencil and the portfolio, as the companions of their tours of pleasure. And you may often meet them, seated upon some crag in a romantic glen, sketching a picturesque scene around them, or stopping the carriage to transfer to the sketch book some lovely cottage or mouldering ruin.

There has long prevailed, and there still prevails, in this country, a very foolish notion, that one must possess what is called a peculiar *taste* for any particular study, or she can not become a proficient in that study. And one says, I have no *taste* for drawing, and therefore she neglects the cultivation of this accomplishment. She may just as well say that she no *taste* for reading, or spelling, or writing. Some persons will learn to write a handsome hand sooner than others—and one child will learn to read and to spell more readily than another. But every child who has ordinary intelligence may learn to write handsomely, and to read and spell cor-

rectly. And if you have eyes to see with, and fingers to hold a pencil with, you may learn to draw, if you will only perseveringly practice. A distinguished teacher of drawing told me the other day, that his most successful pupils had generally been those who felt that they had no *taste* for drawing. When a young lady indulges in such a delusion as this, she is discouraged and makes no effort—or, if she makes a momentary effort, she compares her awkward attempt with the graceful production of one who has been cheered for months, perhaps for years, with the thought that she has a taste for drawing, and she throws by her paper with disgust. That there are native differences in aptitude for nearly all pursuits I have no question. But as a *general rule*, a young lady will succeed in any art or science to which she resolutely devotes her energies. Long observation has convinced me that this idea, that a person needs a peculiar *taste* to succeed in any peculiar branch of study, is a great delusion. What you need is persevering industry. In nine cases out of ten this will secure success in any employment in which you may engage.

According to my observation, this idea of a *taste*, for drawing, for instance, arises in this way: A child is sitting upon the carpet, amusing herself with a slate and pencil. She tries to draw a picture of the kitten. Something like a bag of wool represents its body, four straight marks its legs, and two its ears. The child, having finished this ungainly picture, runs to show it to its mother. The mother looks upon the childish effort with an encouraging smile—says, "Very well, my daughter! you have succeeded very well—I think that with a little perseverance you will learn to draw very prettily. You have got the legs a little too stiff, like straight sticks. If you look at puss again, you will see that there is a little bend, in the hind legs particularly, where the joints come. But this is very well indeed."

Off goes the child gratified and ani-

mated. That one word has given her a taste for drawing. She now begins to draw the chairs, the tables, the tongs, and each new effort becomes more successful and secures increasing encouragement. Soon some of her juvenile efforts are shown to friends who commend her taste for drawing, and the lapse of a few years introduces her to you as an accomplished young lady with her portfolio filled with sketches wrought out in the highest perfection of art.

Another child is playing upon the carpet with her slate and pencil. She also tries to draw a picture of the kitten, and runs with it to her mother. Her mother happens to be busy, and is perplexed with care, and as she hastily glances at the rude sketch, she exclaims, "Well, well, run Nelly, run away, run away. It looks more like a spider than a kitten. I do not think that you will ever make a Benjamin West."

Down goes the slate and pencil, and off goes Nelly to drive her hoop in the yard. In a few days her mother wishes to get her to draw, to amuse herself of a rainy day. "I do not like to draw," says Nelly, "I have no *taste* for drawing." Poor child! That one incautious word of her mother has deprived her of her *taste*. She goes to school. When the drawing-master approaches her desk, she says, "I have no taste for drawing, and it will be only throwing away my time for me to attempt to learn."

I hope that every young lady who reads these pages, will determine to see what industry and perseverance can accomplish, resting assured that they will develop all the taste she needs. If you have eyes and fingers, and will apply yourself resolutely to practice, success is certain. Nothing of value can be obtained without labor. You must be willing to toil long and diligently to become a proficient in an accomplishment so valuable as this. I wish now to present to you a few considerations why you should attend to this pursuit.

The cultivation of a taste for drawing greatly elevates and refines the mind. A fondness for the beautiful and the sublime in nature's scenery is one of the purest and richest sources of human enjoyment. And yet there are thousands who, from want of cultivation, have no eye to see that which fills the hearts of others with rapture. The ox will feed upon the herbage fertilized by the spray of Niagara, and yet never turn his eye to that majestic cataract. And there are many men with souls as insensible, who have no appreciation of the scenes by which they are surrounded. The gorgeous hues of sunset, which no painter can rival, never attract the eye; the grand rotunda above us, spangled with stars, the most majestic object upon which man can gaze, has never excited an emotion or attracted a serious regard. The flower blooms for them unseen. The foliage of the tree or the forest has for them no graceful form or motion. And the thunder cloud, with its midnight blackness, rolls its voluminous masses up the western sky unseen and unfelt. But one who has been accustomed to notice these forms of loveliness and sublimity, who has carefully examined them with the eye of an artist, sees a beauty and feels a power to which others are strangers. The soul itself is elated and refined by this study of nature: its sensibilities are quickened: it has a more acute perception of delicacy and of roughness, and its susceptibility of enjoyment is vastly augmented. The influence of the cultivation of the fine arts upon the mind, in promoting its elevation, and refinement, and delicacy, has long been observed. If you sketch a flower, a graceful tree, a mouldering ruin, a cottage reposing in peaceful beauty, embowered in roses and woodbine, or a storm-beaten crag protruding from the mountain's side, the traces your pencil leaves upon the paper are in more ineffaceable lines engraved upon your soul. A luxury of emotion is excited there which is spiritualizing, and which

raises you in the scale of moral being. You acquire as it were a new sense—beauty is everywhere around you. Go where you will, the picturesque cheers your eye and cheers your heart. Sources of enjoyment to which others are strangers, are ever unfolded before you. Every flower blooms with new beauty, and the clouds assume fantastic forms, and the trees wave with peaceful foliage, and mountain pinnacles pierce the skies with attractions unfelt before.

A BROADWAY SKETCH.

BY GRACE LORRETTE.

TWO females stood in a fashionable jewelry establishment in Broadway. One was a superb-looking girl of twenty-four, whose rich dress rustled as she moved; the other a slight girl of seventeen—one of those unhappy victims of poverty who are compelled to part with the last cherished memento of better days to buy food for the suffering body. The pleased and smiling proprietor was too much occupied with his wealthy and aristocratic patron, to notice the humble child of the poor, who stood with tearful eyes fixed passionately upon a ring which she had removed from her finger, and was grasping in her hand. The grief that she felt at parting with it was too great to allow her even to notice the costly gems, the beautiful pearls, the rare devices of the jeweler's art, which were spread forth for the admiration of the fine lady at her side. Once she timidly requested a clerk who was near to look at the ring, and to purchase it if he would, for she needed the money, but he affected not to hear her; and thinking she would seek a less brilliant establishment, she turned to the door, and there upon the steps lay a purse, through whose shining meshes she could see the glitter of gold. She quickly stooped and snatched it, and with an impulse for which she was hardly responsible, so momen-

tary was the temptation, she thrust it into her bosom. As she did so, a rich color shot up into her wan and pallid cheek, and a sudden fire flashed out of her tearful eyes.

"It will save my mother!" she muttered, in a low voice, as, casting one glance around, she fled down the steps and hurried away.

At that moment the lady in the shop uttered an exclamation of surprise. She had completed her selections, and upon looking for her purse, it was gone. It had been with difficulty that she had that morning obtained from her father the five hundred dollars with which to procure some new jewels.

"I am sure I had it in my hand when I entered—I am positive that I laid it here upon this counter," she said, looking suspiciously at the clerks who were near.

"Oh, no, that could not be!" exclaimed the proprietor, anxious for the reputation of his store. "You must have dropped it in the street. But that girl who stood here a moment ago—where is she?" and all the employees ran to the door and looked up and down the street.

"I see her—she is running away!" cried one. "She will be lost in the crowd in a moment. Stop thief!"

As the dread sound reached her, the girl turned round and came back toward them, taking the purse from her bosom and handing it to the first one who came up, she said, "I did not steal it—indeed, I did not steal it! I found it; and I was tempted to keep it because my mother is starving—" and she burst into tears.

"Found it! yes, you found it upon my counter," replied the jeweler sternly. "That is the old story about your mother, miss, and it will not shield you from the house of correction, or more like, a room in Sing Sing for a few years."

The girl turned deadly pale. "By my hopes of heaven," she cried, in a sharp voice, "I found it, and I had already overcome the temptation to keep it, so far as to turn back to

search for the owner. Oh, sir," she pleaded to the policeman whose heavy hand was already on her shoulder, "let me go, for my mother is sick, and she will die!"

"She will, indeed, if her life depends on you, my girl," was the coarse reply; "so come along with me, if you please. You, sir, and the lady, must trouble yourself for a few moments to accompany us, till the magistrate hears what you have to say about it;" and he hurried his prisoner to the nearest office.

Overcome with terror and shame, she made no resistance; but when the beautiful Miss Sutherland, with a glance of calm indignation at her degraded sister woman, deposed to having the purse not five minutes before, and the clerks deposed to her running from the shop, and of their finding it upon her, and she heard the magistrate order her to be locked up for the night, and the witnesses to return to-morrow at eleven o'clock to the trial, with one thrilling shriek she fell back insensible.

"She ain't a very hard 'un yet," muttered the policeman, in an under tone, as he lifted her up, and carried her to her cell.

"She is so very young, too, that I hope you will be merciful," said Miss Sutherland, turning her calm eyes to the magistrate. "Still it would be best for her to suffer some punishment, for if she escapes too easily now, she may be tempted to sin again," and with this charitable remark, the aristocratic young lady left the office, rejoicing in the discovery of her lost purse.

She paid for her jewelry—took it home—and slept that night, undisturbed by care, upon a bed of down underneath silken counterpanes.

As for Lucy Henderson, the wretched prisoner, when she awoke from her fainting-fit, she heard the key grate in the lock, and felt that she was indeed inclosed in that narrow room for almost twenty-four hours, while her mother, sick, starv-

ing, perhaps dying, lay in her miserable garret, watching in vain, with hollow eyes, for the return of her child. The thought was desperation. She sprang to the door and called aloud for release; she grasped at the handle of the huge door, as if with the insane efforts of her slight hands, she could tear it from its hinges. She only heard a retreating step—she only saw that her supper had already been placed upon the chair by her little bed, and that, in all probability, there would no one come that night to whose mercy she could recommend her mother—and again she sank down senseless upon the pitiless stones. It was a long time before she again realized where she was. Famine and grief had already so undermined her strength, that she became an easy prey to this new horror which had come upon her. It was night when she roused herself from her stupor and lifted her head from the floor—the stars were shining through the grated window; but their solemn splendor brought no peace to her tortured thoughts—thoughts of her dying parent. All night she sat motionless upon the cold flags, and when, hours, as it seemed to her, after daylight, the jailer unlocked the door and thrust in her breakfast, her cry of, "Let me go to my mother!" was answered by the sharp closing of that door.

She had strength now—the strength of despair, for she had tasted no food for a long time. With her hands locked together and her cheeks burning with a wild crimson, she paced the narrow cell swiftly to and fro for another hour.

Then the door was again unclosed, but it was not an officer to conduct her to the trial who entered. She knew the handsome, dissolute face, the bold smile of the gay Will Sutherland too well. He came toward her with a look of affected compassion and heedless of her repeated cry, "Go to my mother, Mr. Sutherland—go to my mother and save her!"

he spoke in a sweet and soothing voice, "It was from my sister Kate that you stole the purse, my fair Lucy, but I can save you, and I am willing to do so."

"You will keep me from prison—from disgrace—that I may go home to my poor mother?" she asked, standing still before him, and smiling into face his with those large, luminous eyes, now brilliant with excitement.

"Yes, Lucy; I will save you from long years in the penitentiary. I will send a physician to your mother—she shall have every comfort, if you will only consent to be mine—if you will only let me kiss one of those tresses upon your cheeks."

"But how can you do this?" she inquired, as she shrank back.

"I knew that you committed no theft, for I was in the street, and saw you pick the purse from the steps. I will testify to that; only promise to be kind in return."

The young girl folded her arms; the color went down from her wasted but exquisite features, as she fixed her thrilling glance full on his face.

"The prison will be a sweet resting-place, Mr. Sutherland, since it will at least protect me from your persecutions. If you dare to be so cruel as to allow the innocent to suffer, my sorrow be upon your own head. I can die in disgrace and imprisonment, but I never shall be that slave that you wish me to be."

"But did you not say that your parent was perishing from neglect? Will you have her death upon your hands?" he asked, triumphantly.

"God demands no such sacrifice from me, even to redeem a mother's life. But you will not let her die—you will go to her now—you will—you will?" and she laid her hand upon his arm.

There is no heart so utterly selfish and hard as that of the voluptuary who sacrifices all to his own pleasures; even that of Will Sutherland was touched by her despairing look.

"Yes, I will go to her now," he

said, in a husky voice; "but, Lucy, I expect you to be grateful."

He turned and left her, while her blessing pierced his heart with remorse; and she sat down on the side of her couch to await the summons to a trial. Now that her heart was relieved of its most deadly anguish, the thought of the sick woman destitute and deserted, she had time to think of what had befallen herself. Had it not been that she desired to be spared to her mother, the prison would indeed have seemed a "sweet resting-place," in comparison with the temptation, persecution, and famine which awaited the young creature, when she went outside of its gloomy but protecting walls.

It was not long before an officer appeared to conduct her into court. It was not often that one so beautiful was arraigned before the city tribunal; and now that the terror and shame which disfigured her countenance had passed away, its wild loveliness, its purity and truth, touched the feelings of all who beheld it.

The innocence of that look was soon triumphantly verified; for, instead of witnessing against her, Miss Sutherland came forward and withdrew her complaint, and the testimony of her brother as to what he had seen—that she picked up the purse from the steps, and was really returning with it when they arrested her—was sufficient to procure her release. After all, it was only one night of imprisonment—and Lucy Henderdrew a long breath of relief, as she turned, with weak steps, to fly to her home. She was stopped before she reached the door by Miss Sutherland. That lady had been weeping, and there were still tears in her eyes.

"I owe you some reparation—you will take this?" and she held out a handful of gold. The young girl thrust it aside with her trembling fingers. "I hear that you have a sick mother—at least let me go with you to see how she is—we can get there so much quicker in my carriage."

"Yes, yes, let us hasten," answered the excited girl, and she hurried into the carriage.

They drove rapidly to the house to which he had directed. Lucy flung open the door and leaped out before he could assist her—she flew up the narrow stairway, into the chamber which lay beyond. They followed at a slower rate; and when they entered the cold, unfurnished room, the daughter was down on her knees by her mother's bed. She looked around at them and laughed when they came in.

"She is dead!" she cried, and laughed again.

The woman of opulence and fashion looked around upon the naked floor, the empty cupboard, the miserable bed, the pinched and hungry face of the dead, and, bursting into tears, she cried, "Oh, my brother, is there such wretchedness as this around us?"

He could not answer her, for the daggers of remorse pierced his heart, as he thought of how he had known of this destitution, and had used it as a means to tempt that young girl to degradation, instead of giving her aid.

The orphan arose to her feet, and spoke loudly to him, "You see you have killed her! why did you not let me go to her yesterday with the bread I was going to buy? She will never know now that I was tempted to keep the purse, will she? unless the angels tell her, and they are too kind. You killed her, did you not?—and in return, may all the sin and misery you sought for me, fall upon your sister."

"Do not curse me," pleaded Miss Sutherland, humbly.

"She does not know what she is saying," said her brother, in a cold voice, but his cheek was somewhat blanched. "Fatigue, and want of food, and anxiety have unstrung her system—she is delirious."

"We must not leave her; I will take her home with me until she is better. How hot her hands are. Poor thing! Will you come with me, Lucy?" she asked, soothingly.

The young girl did not reply; but

turned again to the corpse of her last friend and protector, and clasping its cold hand as if it could shield her from harm, she sat silent on the couch.

It was not until, with the aid of others, the body was shrouded and placed in its coffin, that the orphan could be torn from her hold upon that hand. And then it was only to sink into a dangerous stupor. She was borne to the home of the brother and sister; and Miss Sutherland herself spent many hours of kind watching by her bed. Skillful nursing did indeed restore the wasted body once more to its former strength, but alas, for that pure and beautiful mind which was gone forever!

When Lucy Henderson recovered, she was a sweet, gentle, and harmless maniac; and as the sister did not feel that she could ever resign her poor charge to the care of strangers, she always remained in that household, making herself useful by the skill with which she plied her needle, and the affectionate care which she took of the dress and all the toilet of her kind benefactress. It was her particular delight to smooth and braid the long tresses of Miss Sutherland's hair, and to listen to her singing and guitar. Her large, spiritless, melancholy eyes were a continual reproach to the young gentleman, whose restless conscience drove him from home for several years. Although he did not become a reformed man in all his luxurious habits, yet the young and innocent had no longer any thing to dread. The thought of the wan, sweet, and soulless glance of Lucy was a restraint from which he could not flee.

In the course of time he brought home a bride, as lovely, as good, and as youthful as was Lucy Henderson before those fatal sorrows and persecutions had overthrown her reason. But poor Lucy was dead then—her beautiful form, her bright, golden hair, her haunting eyes were in the grave, and she could trouble him no more with her earthly presence.

THE DRY LEAF.

THE forest was, if possible, more beautiful than it had been in the freshness of spring, or in the blooming summer. I had gazed on it with rapturous delight in its robe of ten thousand hues, and had seen leaf after leaf fall and float away, "like an army of butterflies," to their rest on the bosom of the earth; till the trees were all bare, stretching up their naked limbs imploringly to the sky, as if to entreat the restoration of their lost treasures.

With a feeling of sadness, I went out to see what had become of all that was late so beautiful, and seemingly so full of life. The beauty, the brightness, the freshness were all gone. Sear and dry, the leaves lay scattered upon the ground, and they looked desolate and comfortless as they rustled in the breeze. How different that sharp, rustling sound from the soft, whispering, murmuring music of sweet summer time. And this is the end, thought I, of all that is beautiful and lovely on earth. I paused in a kind of dissatisfied reverie.

A low, faint murmur was heard in the ear of my soul. It was the voice of the spirit of the Dried Leaf, just winging its way upward from its fallen tenement, to give an account of its mission. "No, mortal," it said, "this is not the end. We have not fulfilled our destiny. We shine and bloom our little hour, only to show forth the power and glory of Him who created us to tell of the lavish bounty of his hand, the measureless riches of his goodness. And then we give place to others, who in their turn bear the same cheerful testimony to Him. Not for ourselves we shine, but for Him. Not for ourselves we fade, but to answer his great and good purposes of wisdom and love. Not for ourselves we perish upon the cold lap of earth, but to lend our mite to the earth from which we sprung. To furnish the means of life and beauty to another race as bright and beautiful as ourselves, in whom we shall shine and rejoice again

when the season of reviving comes round. We do not die; we are not lost. Nothing is lost that God makes. We wait our change; we bide our time. *Not for ourselves, but for others,* is the principle of our inner being." And away he flew to the upper air, and left me to ponder alone.

And so it is—for my thoughts ran on in the same train—for so it is with all created things. God has made nothing in vain. No creature of his can perish without fulfilling its mission. If this be so with the inferior creation, with the things that perish in the using, how much more with these that never die, which, when they change, only pass from a lower to a higher sphere, in an endless progression of intellectual and moral attainment! These decaying bodies of ours are laid down in the bosom of the earth, like a dried leaf on its breast, to mingle and be lost in the dust that is common to all. Being never ceases. Influence never dies. Not only the soul, but that which we do, lives after us. Actions are immortal.

Rose Atherton, when young, had been very beautiful. She was often compared to the rose in its budding loveliness and fragrance, and sometime, perhaps, had felt that the compliment to her personal charms was not ill-deserved. As she grew older, her estimate of personal accomplishments was materially altered. The sober duties of life, the weighty responsibilities of a wife and a mother revealed to her mind the higher end of her existence, and developed sources of enjoyment, as well as of care of which she had not before conceived. In all the revolutions of life she was faithful and exemplary, and to the eye of a rational observer grew yearly more lovely, as the outward charms of youth faded. Her example was that of a mild, affectionate, consistent, praying mother. Her influence was calculated to win the young to the love of holiness. But whether the subjects of her own immediate family were more than usually difficult of

persuasion, or whether it was necessary, in the inscrutable councils of Providence, that the trial of her faith should be such as not only to give patience her perfect work, but to make its perfection manifest to all, she had little success in winning her own household. Her children resisted alike her persuasions and her prayers, and were equally unmoved by her counsels and her example. Some of them were openly irreligious. They paid not even outward respect to the institutions of religion, though in some respects they were esteemed as good and useful citizens. The rest yielded no tribute from the heart to God. They rendered no homage of affectionate gratitude to him who died to redeem them. They were satisfied with their portion in this world.

I had known Mrs. Atherton in the pride and loveliness of her youth. I had seen her in the various stages of her mature, beautiful womanhood. She exemplified the graces of the Christian character in all the relations of life. She was active as well as prayerful, patient as well as diligent, meek as well as faithful, constant, and persevering. There was a daily beauty in her life which all admired, though some refused to imitate or acknowledge it.

When her summons came, calling her in the prime of her life to rest from her labors, she was still alone, the only one in all her household to whom another world offered rest. With bitter tears of unfeigned sorrow they gathered around her, and would fain have retained her still longer on earth. But they mourned only for themselves. They well knew that their loss was only her everlasting gain, though they could not fully comprehend the thought. They could offer her no sympathy; consolation she did not need. It was to these whom she was now leaving that the Comforter should have spoken. Her song was one of triumphant hope. She knew in whom she had believed, and was confident that he was both

ready and willing to make good all his promises to the faithful.

Her pastor, in administering the consolations of religion to the mourning group around her bed, alluded with deep and affecting pathos to the beautiful appropriateness of Scripture imagery illustrating the frailty of man. "He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down—in the morning it groweth up and flourisheth, in the evening it is cut down and withereth—the grace of the fashion thereof perisheth." But not in vain, he added, does it spring up, and bloom, and perish. However frail and brief its existence, it has a mission to fulfill, which it cannot fail to accomplish.

There were some among that mourning and unbelieving group who could not understand this. They dwelt rather upon such declarations as these: "We all do fade as a leaf—he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth." They felt as if it was all in vain that the faithful mother had spent her life in prayer, and exemplified religion before her children, and the world. And they were ready doubtfully to ask why is it thus?

But the dying mother, full of faith and hope, as if she had read the unbelieving doubt in the looks of her friends, took up the thought of her pastor, and responded its sentiment to the fullest extent. "Yes!" she exclaimed; "we wither as the rose, we fade as the leaf, we perish like the grass, but spring-time and eternity will renew and perpetuate our better life." Then, after a moment's pause, she added, with an almost prophetic energy of voice and expression, "I know in whom I have believed. I know that He will keep that which I have committed to Him. The prayers He has taught me to breathe *will* be answered. The seed I have sown in His name, and under His promise, will spring up and bear fruit. He will do exceeding abundantly beyond what I have asked of him; and I shall yet say, 'Here, Lord, am I, and the children whom thou hast graciously

given me." In this lofty faith, and full of this precious hope, she joyfully and trustfully committed her soul and her all to Christ, and fell asleep in Him.

Her prophetic anticipations began soon to be realized. That which her beautiful, her winning tones, and gentle manners had failed to secure, her triumphant death, and dreary void it occasioned, began to accomplish. The memory of her holy life, her lovely conversation, her spotless example, remained like an angel presence to fill the space she had occupied.

Mr. Atherton, a mild, amiable man of the world, whose affections had been garnered up in his wife, was too deeply smitten to find any comfort in that world to which he had clung hitherto. His thoughts continually reverted to the treasure he had lost, and every new remembrance increased its beautiful lustre, and enhanced its value. He reproached himself with unkindness to her, in so long resisting her persuasions, and then, as if her faithful admonitory voice was whispering in his ear, with still greater unkindness, with the blackest ingratitude to the Saviour in whom she had trusted. He had sometimes a kind of sense of the value of her prayers; but now he had no one to pray for him. He must needs pray for himself. He felt bitterly the separation from one so lovely and beloved. He could not bear the thought that it should be eternal. He wept; he repented; he believed; he prayed; and, in less than a month after that lovely form had been laid in the dust, he rejoiced in the full assurance of that hope that they should soon "meet to part no more."

Henry was his eldest son. His affection for his mother was deep and profound. There was a degree of veneration mingled with it, which made it difficult to account for his habitual disregard of the first wish of her heart. He believed she was too good for earth, and yet, with the inconsistency which is characteristic of the

heart estranged from God, he despised that goodness, and made light of the most sacred aspirations of her soul. He even affected infidelity, and boasted of a manly superiority to the slavish fears and childish hopes of religion. Suddenly his vaunted resource failed him. It had no word of comfort for a sorrowing heart, no whisper of relief for a wounded spirit. It mocked the agony of his soul, when he sought refuge under it from the irresistible conviction that so pure a spirit as his mother's could not die, and that, consequently, there must be a hereafter. He struggled with that deep ineradicable love which, like the sunshine of spring, was melting the ice of his heart, and revealing the shallowness and insufficiency of his theories. But that gentle eye was always fixed entreatingly upon him. That winning voice was always whispering in his ear. It now reproached him with his ingratitude and folly. But it was his own conscience that gave the memory of that gentle voice its reproachful tone. It was conscience that clothed that brow with terror, which had always been resplendent with love. The semblance of that beautiful example of piety and truth was always before him. The influence of a mother's love and a mother's prayers was beginning to be felt. The proud spirit bowed, and the prodigal returned, with tears of grateful joy and humble self-abasement, to his Heavenly Father.

Charles was a younger brother, gay, thoughtless, with less strength of character than Henry, but not less opposed to the pure and strict requirements of the gospel. He did not so openly resist his mother's persuasions; but he gave them no serious heed. He was romantic, visionary, speculative, full of fancies, which he falsely called philosophies, and, consequently, though ever seeming to learn never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. He looked everywhere for it but in the Bible, and sought all other teachers but Christ. He had

never found true satisfaction in these vain refuges, and now, when he had need of a comforter, they proved utterly worthless. They did not reach the heart, which was wounded. They did not pacify the conscience, which was disturbed. Then came the gentle monitor, a mother's hallowed memory—her prayers, like a breath from heaven, seemed again to whisper around him as in childhood. They followed him everywhere, recalling the instructions he had forgotten, and the warnings he had stifled. Then he saw and felt how truly the spirit he had loved, and the holy example he had admired, were the fruit of that faith which he had despised. He traced the excellence and loveliness of his mother's character to its true source, the fountain of piety in her soul, the transforming influence of the religion of Christ. He sought the same fountain, to satisfy his own soul. He cast away all his own dependencies, and found peace and joy in believing.

Thus, one after another, the entire household of the godly mother was gathered into the fold of Christ. She "died in faith, not having received the promise, but having seen it" afar off, and was persuaded of it. Her influence lived after her. It still survives, and through her children, and her children's children, is extending in ever widening circles into eternity.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE THREE NORTHMEN.

BY COUSIN FRANCIS.

FAR away in the cold regions of the North, there dwells an aged man with his two sons. The trio are in the habit of paying us annual visits, and as they are not with us, it may not be amiss to give you a description of them, so that you may know them whenever you chance to meet.

The father is a hoary old man. His locks are white—he wears a crown of icicles. He creeps stealthily along, leaning upon a staff. We

hear not his footstep, we heed not his approach, until, lo, and behold! he is in our very midst. The earth, forewarned of his coming, garners up her fruits and grains, lest they should wither beneath his icy breath, the flowers droop their heads and die for fear, and the birds that made summer vocal with their sweet songs, fly affrighted to the "sunny South."

Stern old tyrant that he is! he throws fetters over the free, rejoicing rivers; he bids the glad streamlet's merry voice be still. Yet not all in terror or in wrath is his coming. With loving hand, he covers the bleak earth with a fleecy carpet, so soft, that be the footfall ever so heavy, it can awaken no echo. Over the trees, robbed of their summer garments, he flings a drapery of unsullied whiteness, adorned with gems the rarest that were ever born of the sunshine or crystallized from the dew.

To youth and gayety he is ever welcome. The merry chime of bells, the leap of the prancing steed, and the dash of the driving sleigh, laden with its freight of health and happiness, tell that the very spirit of gladness follows in his footsteps. Though bud and blossom are blighted; though bird and streamlet cease their song when he is by; though the earth dons a somber robe in memory of departed loveliness, yet her face still wears a smile. How beautiful are the clear frosty nights, when the skies have a deeper blue, and the stars look down with a light more golden than when nature wore her summer sheen. The rich and gay may well smile at thy coming, O Winter! but alas! for those to whom thy presence can bring nothing but hunger, and cold, and wretchedness.

Winter, as we have told you already, has two sons. The eldest of the lads is Master Boreas. He always comes to herald his father's approach. He is a blustering young man. From the frozen caves of the North where he had slunk away from the Summer's flowers and sunshine, he

comes bounding forth, late in Autumn, and goes careering over the earth "like mad." He loves to wander out upon the mighty ocean, and lash the once placid waves to fury, as he stirs up the waters from their lowest depths. How the sailors fear him! and well they may, for he has driven many a stately ship against the rocks, or laid open the caverns of the yawning deep that they might swallow it. Ay! and he has stood by and laughed in demon glee as its ill-fated crew sank beneath the cold waters, to rise no more. Many a hearth is desolate, many a widow and orphan weep to-night because of him.

While we are sitting in our pleasant homes, around our blazing fire-sides, as cozy as can be, who is it that knocks at our windows and doors for admittance, and howls around our dwellings all night in fury, because we won't let him in? Who dashes madly into our towns and villages, tearing roofs from houses, knocking down chimneys, and sending bricks and shingles dancing whirligigs through the air? Who sweeps through the forests, uprooting sturdy trees, that have withstood the blasts and storms of centuries? Who, indeed, but Master Boreas?

Did you never have him fly straight into your faces as you were turning a corner, and after playing all sorts of antics with your hats, bonnets, and nether garments, lift you up as if you were only a feather's weight, and make you think he was really going to take you with him on a flying excursion round the world? You didn't quite fancy going in such noisy company, did you? Boreas is rough, boisterous, and even cruel, but he isn't sly and deceitful like his younger brother, that little scape-grace, Jack Frost. Quiet as Jack is, he does by far the most mischief.

After an absence of many months, he comes creeping along some stilly Autumn night, so softly that you never know he is about, until you rise in the morning, and find that he has

been very busily at work while you were sleeping.

First, he'll trip through the garden, biting the vegetables, and pinching the flowers to death; then he'll creep into the house through some chink or key-hole. Does a closet or cupboard door chance to be left ajar, he enters forthwith, always managing to shiver a pitcher or a tumbler in pieces, just to let you know that he has been there. He often steals into your sleeping-room, and if you don't happen to have your head under the bed-clothes, his first familiar greeting will be a pinch on the nose. A rare time he must have of it, up alone all night, cutting up such antics, and weaving all sorts of fantastic figures upon our window-panes. I imagine I see the sly rogue laughing in his sleeve as he says to himself, "What will the little folks think of all this in the morning?"

To torment school-children is one of Jack's greatest delights. There's not one of them but owes him a grudge for the sharp bites and sly pinches he has given them, as they were trudging quietly along the streets, thinking of their books and lessons, and forgetting that such a saucy chap as he was about.

In spite of Jack's pretended bravery, he is a sad coward. Warm cloaks, and shoes, and mittens will keep him at a respectful distance, and a blazing fire fills him with such terror that he is sure to run away with all his might. They lay worse things to Jack's charge than any I have told you of; but I will not stop to mention them now.

When the clouds gather blackness and snow-flakes darken the air, you may know that Winter has left his ice-bound cave, and is hastening to your homes. Boreas is such a noisy, blustering fellow, that you can always tell when he is approaching, and be on your guard; but Jack Frost, creeping along with stealthy pace, will catch you napping, if you don't take care.

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

SWEET MAY.

MAY-DAY! Thought redolent of sweet fancies. Bowers, and the homely dance, and the little May-queen crowned in the midst, were the associations made with the time, in olden days; but now, alas! this May festivity is only known to us from the records of it the poets have made; for what one of us recalls a real olden time May-queen coronation, where old and young gathered on the green for the dance, and age and condition were forgotten in the joy of the occasion? We occasionally hear of a "May-party," where the fashionably-attired miss of pert sixteen is crowned by the kid-gloved youth; but of the old-fashioned festivity we know nothing, except through the sweet records the poets have left of such glad and well-celebrated seasons.

How the poets have sung of May! It would seem as if they had vied with the birds in chanting its praise. We might fill our magazine with their offerings, and then leave half untold. Milton names it [the month of

"Mirth, and Youth, and Warm Desire."

Dryden says:

"Each gentle breath with kindly warmth she moves;

Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves."

If this is her office, no wonder the rhymsters have sung peans in her praise!

From the German minnesingers, we have this descriptive of *their* May-day:

"Up then, children, we will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see.
Up! your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart, and sight, and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song;
Hark! how soft it floats along!
Courtly dames our pleasures share—
Never saw I May so fair;
Therefore dancing we will go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May."

What a simple, loving picture is here! This is the May-day of the *past*, not of the present.

Perhaps it may be restored to its old-time purity—who knows? "The Home" will turn out its quartette of feet to talk to the green sward!

GIVE US LIGHT.

The compensations of Nature are wonderful. We are ever apt to complain at great changes in the weather—at drouths, at storms, at frosts, at intense heat or cold, at visitations of disease: and but for the lights of science, we might justly regard these calamities as outrages upon the great system of harmony. We are, however, made the wiser, even of God's ways, by the telescope, the microscope, the electrometer, the galvanic battery, the barometer, the thermometer—by the sagacity of the trained intellect in pursuing cause from effect, through the course laid down by the great Bacon; and what a might of majesty and beneficent power are revealed to us! Now, we read the days and seasons aright; we see in them the harmony which pervades the universe; we know that storms come to purify and equalize the air we breathe; that great extremes of whatever kind are the means Nature must use to carry forward her great and ever good ends. This is a grand lesson to learn, and he who does not learn it, is a poor blinded soul indeed. With what a stunted vision does such a person look upon life, upon the physical universe, upon death, upon the resurrection! Give light, more light upon the ways of God, as written in the great book of Nature—unlock the mysteries, hidden by centuries of ignorance from our apprehension, that we may see in them the divinity which guides the revolving systems of the heavens and trains up the little vine to blossom by the door—give us the key to the interpretation of the Eleusinian secrets of life; and, thus placed *en rapport* with Nature, we shall "know God" with a sublimity of comprehension that, of itself, proves our own divinity.

TRIFLES,

Light as air, sometimes give a whole life-destiny. It is said, in a recent paragraph, that it has been discovered the boy

Napoleon Bonaparte made application to the *British* navy for a midshipman's berth, but was rejected "from incompetency!" Here is the world in a balance, and yet no one knew it—rejected for incompetency, yet powerful enough to make and unmake kings—to give the political destiny of the world a new and astounding development! Trifles! They are the foundation-stones of our very fate, did we but read them aright. Little habits, little tastes, little purposes, little steps are, in themselves, "trifles;" but, like ripples from the little stone dropped in the placid water, their circle imperceptibly reaches out until the farthest shore of our being feels the effect. The trifles of our every-day-life ripple noiselessly over the soul until they cover its fair surface, giving it character, controlling its emotions, directing its purposes even to the verge of life. Trifles are *like* air—though unseen and unmarked, they enter into our being to direct and mould its earthly destiny; do they not also share "the dark rolling river" which lies between this being and the other?

WHO IS A CHRISTIAN?

There was a deep significance in the expression of the little boy, who "did not want to go to Heaven if grandpa was going there, because he was so cross he would be scolding all the time, and spoil all the fun." A large number of *professing* Christians, if they do go to Heaven, will carry with them some very repelling traits of character. Take the sturdy Deacon Jenkins: he sings psalms, abhors levity, forbids dancing and "light tunes" in his house, goes to every Thursday evening prayer-meeting, reprimands every backslider,—in fact, is the very embodiment of a good *professing* Christian. His real character is that of a mean, avaricious, unfeeling person—selfish, as all such natures are; bigoted and blind to all true charity; disliked by children, who are so quick to see through pretense and divine the truth; watched by his neighbors, because of a want of confidence in his *capability* to give good weight and measure in what he sells from his corner grocery. *Such* a man a Christian, and going to Heaven, just because he does lead a strictly religious life! We are loth, indeed, to believe it; and

must say to the little ones who fear scolding, that we confidently believe no Deacon Jenkins will be found walking, with Peter and James and John, in the repose and purity of God's own household.

THE REASON WHY.

The Polish girls are said to be perfect pictures of health, strength, and, therefore, of beauty. Bayard Taylor thus *plumply* gives us the reason why:

"There, girls do not jump from infancy to young-ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the parlor, to dress, to sit still, and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate and dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, and abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after-life." Do the "Women of America" believe this? We should infer *not*, looking at *their* children.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Our home has been transplanted a very little way out of the great Babel, and now, when the sun shines down hotly enough, it is less upon brown stone, and more upon glimmering green leaves. Cool breezes from seaward stray in at the casement occasionally; and, at the sunset and twilight hour, it is delicious to stand in the presence of venerable trees, gazing upon the river dotted with sails, and touched with roseate and silvery hues. Verily, we ought to gather beautiful thoughts, as naturally as the birds gather leaves and berries; but it is a melancholy truth that the artificial requirements of life become so constant and absorbing, that the blessed and beneficent gift of a fine and loving appreciation of the charms of nature becomes dead, or, at least, languid

in the soul. Otherwise, nature would always remain our mother, ready to lend a sympathizing ear to our troubles, soothing us, singing to us, instructing us, teaching us charity and the love of the All-Father, binding up the wounds which the world inflicts with her own sufficient balsams, lulling us to needed and strengthening repose. Bountiful mother! never growing weary—never growing old! how much she would be to us,—how true she would be to us, if we did not forsake and neglect her, until, sometimes, we have almost forgotten her loving face. Fretted and feverish we press on after Happiness crowned with tinsel—the idol of the crowd—leaving the true Goddess, garlanded with roses, smiling alone and unattended upon the dewy lawn, under the shadows of majestic oaks, by the waters, or out in the fields golden with grain.

NOTHING TO EAT.

Like Lord Byron, William Allen Butler awoke one morning, and found himself famous. Of all the innumerable good, bad, and indifferent parodies of his popular poem, we saw the best recently in an English paper, from an indignant woman, who, after going through a list of delicious dishes, which quite rivaled Miss Flora's list of fine dresses, declared she had placed all those before her husband at one dinner, and yet he had made it the excuse for supping at the club, that he had had *nothing to eat*! This spirited rejoinder of one of our sex, is equally true and witty; and we wish a copy of it were placed, instead of a bill of fare, by the plate of every woman-satirizer in the land. For is not that the test, after all, of all our moral, mental, and domestic qualities? whether we give them good dinners or not. A good cook is an admirable woman. A lady who *never* is taken by surprise, and caught with only a "cold cut of mutton" for dinner, is an unsurpassable creature,—her hospitality is so charming, her accomplishments so great, and her husband so much to be envied. The shortest route to a man's heart is *via* his stomach.

LONGINGS.

A plaint that comes to us from the far West, tells its own story as only a poet-mother's heart can syllable its sorrows:

Where is the freshness of youth's morning time?
I seek in vain for fancies that are fled;
Sweet fancies, that were wont to fill my heart
With perfume like the breath that violets shed.

O Death, dark angel! with thy pitiless arm
To bear away the first flower of my love;
Over my soul to cast thy shadowy pall,
And rob the mother of her nestling dove!

Soon o'er the hills the gentle spring will breathe
Sweet influences to waken all the flowers—
To make the blue-bell rear its tiny head,
And violets give their sweetness to the hours.

O Spring! give back the glory of my morn,
The light upon the hills, the balm and bloom,
Nor thro' green woodland paths where'er I roam,
Still cast beyond the shadows of the tomb.

CORA M. DOWNS.

THE NIGHT.

How the "pent up powers" of the winds were loosed last night! There were howlings, and moanings, and shriekings in the air; every house-top seemed to have a tongue—every rope a voice—every street-corner an echo that filled the heart with their own wildness. It was a time for fearful thought; and as if the darkness were loosed, the soul went forth to meet it for wild embrace. Such nights only come as come the few maddening sorrows of life, and pass away to leave a memory and after-thought which shall bring a penance to every thoughtful mind.

THE DINNER-BELL.

Poe sang, in a wonderful strain, with a musical refrain, harmonious verses about the bells. He called up before us, vividly, the dear delight of a sleigh-ride with the one we love; the unspeakable joy of the golden wedding-day; the wild terror of the fire-alarm at night; the sad monotony of the bell that tolls for a passing soul; but he forgot to describe, with his own peculiar power, that most melodious of all the chimes of earth—the dinner-bell! Perhaps he thought it spoke for itself! It has a language generally understood. In the universality of its appreciation it has no rival; not even in the beautiful *belle* who is *told* so often that her charms are without parallel. "Call me any thing you please," says the meek man, when he is insulted with hard names, "only do not call me late to dinner." That man is a practical philosopher.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

THE princess of the old story could not obtain a moment's rest, because of the three small peas under the twelve featherbeds. Poor princess! no matter to what wealth and splendor she were born, she must have found this a very rough world, for luxury can not so soften the peas away but that they will at times be felt. The true philosophy of life is to sleep in spite of the peas. It is easy to make ourselves miserable if we set out to do it; and, indeed, it is hard sometimes to escape it, when we exercise ever so much courage. But there is a great difference in dispositions; and this difference constitutes just the *plus* or *minus* in the happiness of the household. The brave and cheerful spirit which makes light even of real trials, lifting up its crosses and bearing them gayly, as if they were garlands of roses—treading under its elastic foot such petty annoyances as flutter, like dead leaves, over the sweetest paths—this is the calm and heroic presence which has power not only to sustain itself, but to shed comfort and brightness over all the weak and dependent ones with whom it is associated. And there are many such—many who never receive in return one word of praise for all their quiet, daily self-sacrifice, and their more than martial endurance; upon whom the burden of everybody else's fretfulness, or sorrow, or passing pain is laid. These go further in their experience even than Longfellow's noble souls who "suffer and grow strong," for these grow *beyond* suffering into a sphere of light, strength, and repose, where the clouds and storms below do not ruffle them. We do not mean that they can not be stricken by the bolt of some fierce affliction and stunned for a season, but the variable winds and shifting clouds of every-day realities do not annoy them. In view of this greatness of excellence, others need not be discouraged. It will be a *great conquest*, if they learn to bear with tolerable patience and a semblance of cheerfulness the vexations of the hour. Every house is full of these small peas, upon which people must tread and sleep—they can not gather them up so, but they will come back. Every

home has its round of troublesome duties, and its many jarring elements. To master these, so that they shall not obtrude themselves upon its pleasures—in homely phrase, "to make the best of things"—is a faculty to be coveted.

Some persons take great comfort in being miserable. This would not be so bad, if they enjoyed themselves in silence; but they generally insist upon the sympathy of their friends. They are even unwilling that any one else should have a pang or a misfortune, as they wish the monopoly of the market, and are quite certain that no one else can control as large an amount in the stock of affliction as themselves. Is any one ill, they have been more ill; is any one thin, they have been thinner; is any one fat, they have been fatter; is any one heart-broken, their heart has been broken several times; has any one broken a limb, well, they have never broken a limb exactly, but they have had the toothache, and that a hundred times worse.

It is hard for a young girl, petted by father, tenderly cared for by mother, healthy and happy, to take her first lessons in the responsibility of life; to learn to bear with pain, without even speaking of it, perhaps; to lose herself in the welfare of others; to serve where she has been served; to soothe where she has been soothed; to be obliged to think, act, and suffer for herself; to decide important matters, and assume unpleasant duties; but such must necessarily be her experience when she steps out from under the influences of her childhood and takes upon herself her womanhood. It is well for her, then, to begin early to "govern her spirit," and also to wait upon the wishes of others. Gentleness and forbearance are more potent, even with the most reckless minds, than any degree of reason or force. They are, for a woman, most faithful weapons; and in saying this, we do not mean to counsel a want of self-assertion, but a gentleness and forbearance, like Christ's, as much as may be, and quite compatible with mental energy and moral independence.

Discords give a richer effect to harmonies;

and so the discordant events of daily life may be managed by a skillful will, to give greater relish to its pleasures.

ITEMS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Do every thing in its proper time. Keep every thing in its place. Always mend clothes before washing them.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green, or yellow.

Sal-soda will bleach; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for garden and plants, or to harden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea trays with cold soda, polish with a little flour, and with a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones. They make nice cake.

A hot shovel, held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots.

A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore rusty old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap-suds, and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crickets come out, will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color of bed-hangings and window drapery.

MOLASSES PIE.—Take nine table-spoonfuls of molasses; six table-spoonfuls of good vinegar; one and a half table-spoonfuls of flour; a small piece of butter; a few slices of lemon, or grated lemon peel; cover with a rich paste. This is decidedly the *best* substitute for apple pie.

DELICIOUS DROP CAKE.—One pint cream, three eggs, and salt; thicken with fine rye till a spoon will stand upright in it, and drop on a well-buttered iron pan, which must be hot in the oven. They may be made thinner, and baked in buttered cups.

COCOA-NUT CAKES.—To two grated nuts, an equal weight of powdered white sugar, the whites of three eggs well beaten; make them the size of a half dollar and bake on buttered tins.

MILK PORRIDGE PUDDING.—One quart milk; a little salt, thickened like porridge with flour, the yolks of two eggs added. Pour it, after boiling, into a pudding dish, and when cool, put over the top the whites of the two eggs, well beaten with nice white sugar, which forms a sauce for the pudding. This is a very delicate dish.

ARROW ROOT PUDDING.—*Very nice.*—Three table-spoonfuls of arrow root; mix in a little cold water; free it from lumps; put it into a quart of boiling milk, stirring it constantly; when cool, beat into it two eggs, to be served with sweet sauce. Bake it for half an hour.

MAKING CAKE WITHOUT BUTTER.—A New England lady, quite a famous housekeeper, by the way, furnished us with an economical plan for making cake without butter, which we think may be useful to our readers. Take a piece of salt pork, fat, and melt it down, and strain it through a piece of coarse, thin muslin. Set it aside until cool. It is then white and firm, and may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound cake she assures us it is delicious. She says that after one trial, she never used butter again.

ROSE INSECTS.—If our lady readers are desirous of keeping their rose-bushes free from the small green vermin that so frequently infest them, the following remedy will be found a most effectual one: To three gallons of water, add one peck of soot and one quart of unslacked lime. Stir it well; let it stand for twenty-four hours, and when the soot rises to the surface, skim it off. Use a syringe for applying it.

ESSENCE OF LEMON.—Cut off very thin rinds of any number of lemons, put the pieces of peel in a vial, and cover them with spirits of wine. After a day or two this will have taken up all the lemon peel, and become far better in quality than that usually sold.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Sybil for May paid us a visit, and dropped her oracle upon our table. "Give heed," it says, "for O mortal! it is better to be wise before-hand than to be rich afterward. Get a good start, that the *spring* may throw you into the lap of summer. Cause your wife to clean up the cellar and door-yard for exercise, and buy her "Seneca's Morals" instead of the last new novel. Eat nothing calculated to distemper your dreams, which may all be of gold-bearing *quarts* and deposits in a non-liquid-ating bank. Let all your paths be pleasantness—that is, no poor relations to interfere in your domestic regulations, and plenty of money to buy the children a frock. Kiss your neighbor's wife out of pure disinterestedness, and kick the "lady's man" who attempts to kiss your own. Bless all men by the light of your countenance, which should be illuminated from within by the consciousness induced by a clean shirt and no moving to be done. Thus doing, the Sybil may promise a relief from all debts of honor, and a summer of content will follow." Who is our "Sir Oracle?"

—The latest novelty in the fashionable world, is a criterion which the gentleman have established for deciding upon the amiability of ladies' dispositions. If they have any doubt as to the angelic quality of the temper of any belle in whom they may be interested, they accompany her to a "hop," a "president's levee," Mrs. Potipher's "reception," a fashionable church, or some other place where a press may be anticipated; and if she bears the annihilation of her crinoline with equanimity, he immediately offers himself. We regret to say that the experiment is usually not entirely satisfactory. We imagine a great many such scenes as the following, described by some spirited somebody, we do not know who:

Her skirt is "lama," fragile web
To brave the coming crush!
Her robe is formed of "moire antique,"
Pink as her own sweet blush.
On comes the crowd! Oh, can it be?
This is no mob-led rout,
That scoffs at all the managers,
And pushes one about.

And can these modern courtiers be,
Who will not hear a nay;
But tread upon the "moire antique"
Of our dear lady May.

Her skirt of "lama," fragile web,
Yields to the fatal crush;
Her starry eyes are fiery balls,
Her cheeks with anger flush.

Rent robes! lost plumes! we draw a veil
O'er all we would not see;
So to our homelier drawing-room,
The ladies, and the tea.

—Scold, scold, fret, fret, scold, scold away!
There is no comfort in the house upon a—moving-day!

Is the universal wail of the masculine New York world at this present writing. Words would fail to express the summary of the common misery. Only one class of the community is happy, and that is the carmen. Extra wages and plenty of work for them! If the men exclaim, what do not the women endure! Such dust, and cold, and fatigue, and discomfort; such crying children and picked-up dinners, and no dinners at all; such a smashing of household gods and goods;—(the Lares and Penates of New Yorkers are only plaster, and intended for but one year's wear)—such a breaking of hearts and crockery, and dislocation of limbs—table and chair legs mostly, or, perhaps, the arms of a sofa now and then; such a sending off of old furniture to the auctions, and buying new, whether able or not; such a sacrifice of carpets, which are made to endure the most *cutting* sorrows, until they are driven into hysteric fits, and are, to use the language of the House of Representatives, "completely floored;" such "hairbreadth 'scapes, and *moving* accidents by fire and flood" as who shall be inspired to picture?—not we. Our accustomed eloquence fails us—we shrink from the dreary task.

May-day in New York! Dear rural reader, whose vivid fancy pictures the legendary May-pole, floating with ribbons and garlanded with flowers—the viol, the dance, the happy laughter, the vigorous youths and blushing maidens, and the sweet face of the coronetted queen, which make of May-day such a romantic festival, if you would behold it in

in all its glory, celebrated by rich and poor, come to our goodly city and enjoy it here. Bridget and Patrick dance to the merry music of hammer and tongs; the children eat their feast, in pastoral style, off a dry goods box; the mother stands by, amused by the pretty play of "who shall smash most," as performed by the extra help; and the father's rejoicing breaks irresistibly forth, as he settles with the carman, and takes a receipt for the first month's rent, in that popular song of

"That's the way the money goes,
Pop, goes the weazel."

It's a queer kind of a mania which besets our sober citizens, and makes them "play pranks before high heaven," which, we think, the doctors ought to take in hand.

— "The Hearthstone Club" held its first meeting, in a room in the Cooper Institute, somewhere during the past month. Considerable business was arranged, and one or two papers read. We were not present, but should think, from the report, that it promised some practical good. The objects are utilitarian, and if carried out with vigor, can not fail of benefiting our sex. The subjects to be discussed, and upon which suggestions and information are welcomed, are all matters pertaining to the welfare of the household. We sincerely hope that it will perfect as well as conceive much good. We like the name of the society, albeit hearthstones have not heretofore been very intimately associated with clubs.

— The Academy of Design is now open for its annual two months of exhibition. American Art is steadily progressing toward high results. Every year shows the improvement. It receives, too, considerable encouragement from that class of our people who can afford its luxuries. Our artists, that is the successful ones, are not a haggard, starved, and melancholy set, pining for want of appreciation. They are comfortable and well-to-do, have their vanity tickled full as much as is good for them, give very aristocratic reunions, eat, drink, and wear black coats and stove-pipe hats like the rest of mankind.

— The Rev. E. H. Chapin has delivered a discourse upon "Shameful Life," worthy

of his reputation, and which, at this particular moment, when the "Sickles' Tragedy" is so much in the public mind, has some words of wisdom and truth that can hardly fall unheeded. As it has been published, or at least reported by the daily press, probably our readers, many of them, have seen it. Grace Greenwood, with her usual enthusiasm (perhaps some of you remember her glorification of the "Christ-like" Kossuth), speaks of this discourse after this manner:

"In it, his eloquence, usually so like the large, profound, surge-like melody of a grand cathedral organ, deepens into thunder, which, it seems to me, should rouse the whole world. There is something absolutely awful in its sublime bursts of warning and denunciation, in the blaze of its fearful imagery, its lurid picturing of sin and despair—the intolerable light of God's truth flashing into the most secret places of fashionable vice and refined profligacy—the fiery bolts of his wrath plunging into the lowest depths of debauchery and shame.

"For this solemn and most pathetic appeal—for his apostolic courage and Christ-like charity, he *must* receive the blessing of Him who came especially to redeem the most hopeless sinners, to save the outcast and the lost."

— We receive many kind notes regarding "The Home," some giving advice, some asking it, and very few making slight complaint. We are glad to hear from all. While it is not possible to please every particular taste in all things, we still prefer to hear when exception is taken, since it may offer us occasion for useful remark or afford a useful hint. One good friend prefers fewer stories, thinking they foster the too-prevalent taste for light reading. It is not necessary for us to enter upon the pro and con of fiction reading—the subject has been canvassed thoroughly by the ablest minds, and settled. There is good in fiction as there is bad in it. Take from our literature the first, and what a tide of wicked reading would inevitably take its place! Christ, in his parables, taught the use of story to enforce a moral; and great moralists, in prose and verse, have found it *necessary* to follow his example. Hence some of the fairest lessons of life take root, and it is a noble

work for a noble mind to drop these words of moral and mental fruition. It is our aim to use this *privilege* discreetly—to use fiction where it not only tells a story, but eliminates a moral. The writers chosen for this department are such as command attention for their excellence. When our friend sees aught in the fictitious narration which can be shown to be exceptionable, we shall be pleased to have it pointed out, but as for “giving more space to essays on serious subjects, we feel it to be impossible if we would render our magazine acceptable to the great majority of our old and many new readers. Those friends who have written words of approval and congratulation, have our hearty thanks. We labor all the more cheerfully for such encouragement. As the magazine progresses in age, it is our hope to advance its literary interest and *home* worth. For the new volume, commencing with July, we have laid aside good things and engaged others, so that we may safely promise a better volume than it has been possible to render the present volume. Contributions from those accustomed to write for the press are always gladly welcome—the more received, the greater our choice. Much of the interest of the magazine depends upon these free-will offerings of mothers and daughters; and we therefore hope, for the new volume, for even more manuscript remittances than have been so freely bestowed upon “The Home” in the few months of our editorial charge. We already have on hand poems enough for a year’s supply,—were all to be used which came to hand. As only the best are chosen, many must of necessity be put aside. We are always glad to receive *good* poems—such may be sure of insertion.

—Satire, as a weapon, is a cruel one when placed in unfeeling possessorship, but is capable of wholesome uses when applied with honest intent. Thus our national and personal foibles are severely but not ungenerously castigated in the following recent declaration of “*Inalienable Rights*” not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:

“To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

“To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents or friends.

“To have wife and children dependent on contingencies of business, and, in case of sudden death, leave them wholly unprovided for.

“To put off upon hireling strangers the literary, moral, and religious education of children.

“To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

“To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculations.

“To cheat the Government, if possible.

“To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

“To build houses with nine and six inch walls, and go to the funerals of tenants, firemen, and others, killed by their fall, weeping over ‘the mysterious dispensations of Providence.’

“To build up cities and towns without parks, public squares, broad streets, or ventilated blocks, and call pestilence ‘a visitation of God.’”

This is a series of rapier thrusts, but who dares not realize their justice? The list of “inalienable rights” is becoming fearfully enlarged in families as well as in communities. Young men are “fast,” for they scorn authority which restrains their exercise of the widest “liberty.” Young women are devoted to the milliner, to the streets, to flirtation, to fashionable folly generally, because it would be so outrageous in a parent not to allow them as much “liberty” as Miss McFlimsey enjoys. We run a hazardous career when *liberty* knows no restriction,—when *license* is the more fitting interpretation of the word. Socially our conservators of morals will have to preach the Declaration of *Dependence*, if these irrational ideas of liberty are not corrected.

—The publishers of “The Home” have offered something very fine in the way of the fine steel engraving of “The Washington Family.” They say:

“As all our premium offers heretofore made, terminate with the month of March, we have decided on making a much more

liberal offer than we have ever before made, or, we may say, than has ever been made by any similar magazine. An offer not confined of necessity to a few more fortunate ones, but within the reach of every individual subscriber. We say every subscriber, for we believe there is not a person whose name is upon our books that could not easily secure one or more copies of this truly household print, which should be in the home of every true American, being, as it is, a happy representation of the family of the father of our country.

"This magnificent print was published to sell for the same at which we propose to furnish you with five yearly subscriptions to 'The Home.' It was printed on heavy plate-paper 22 by 30 inches, engraved surface 19 1-2 by 24 inches. We will mail this print, prepaid, to each one of our patrons that will send us five new subscribers and five dollars and fifteen cents between the first of April and the first of July, 1859. All subscriptions under this offer to commence with the January number. The fifteen cents is for packing and paying return postage on the engraving."

We think it one of the very few good prints especially fitted to adorn the homes of America; and are happy to learn that it has proven an acceptable offering—a large number of clubs having been already sent in. Let those who enjoy such pictures try to accept of this liberal and admirable offer.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE PRECIOUS STONES OF THE HEAVENLY FOUNDATIONS; with Illustrative Selections in Prose and Verse. By AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT. N. Y.: SHELDON & Co. 12mo.

This volume is made up after a peculiar

construction. The "foundations" of the Holy City are made up of twelve precious stones, viz; jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, etc., etc. To each one is assigned the virtues of one of the twelve apostles, thus: Peter, *jasper*, divine mystery; Andrew, *sapphire*, heavenly-mindedness; James, *chalcedony*, royal-dominion, etc. Under these various heads, or foundations, the author has given us many precious words from the writings of Baxter, St. Augustine, Dr. Milman, Wesley, etc., while her own original contributions, comprising fully one third of the work, are such as could only come from "a pure spirit and a contrite heart." It is a work calculated for a loving consideration by the Christian mind.

SERMONS, Preached and Revised by REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Fifth Series. New York: SHELDON & Co.

The extraordinary popularity of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is attested by the extensive sale of his published sermons as well as by the immense crowd of hearers which ever attends upon his preaching. View his particular tenets as we may, it is evident that his Christianity is profoundly impressive, and that he is greatly influencing the people of England. The reproduction of his sermons extends the circle of that influence to this continent. We learn that the sale of the successive volumes of the series issued by Sheldon & Co. has been very large. This shows a deep and abiding interest in this country in the man and his work. The present volume embraces twenty-seven of the preacher's latest and most memorable sermons. Their subjects are of very diverse character, but all pervaded by the same intense feeling and strong impression—one spirit runs through them all.